

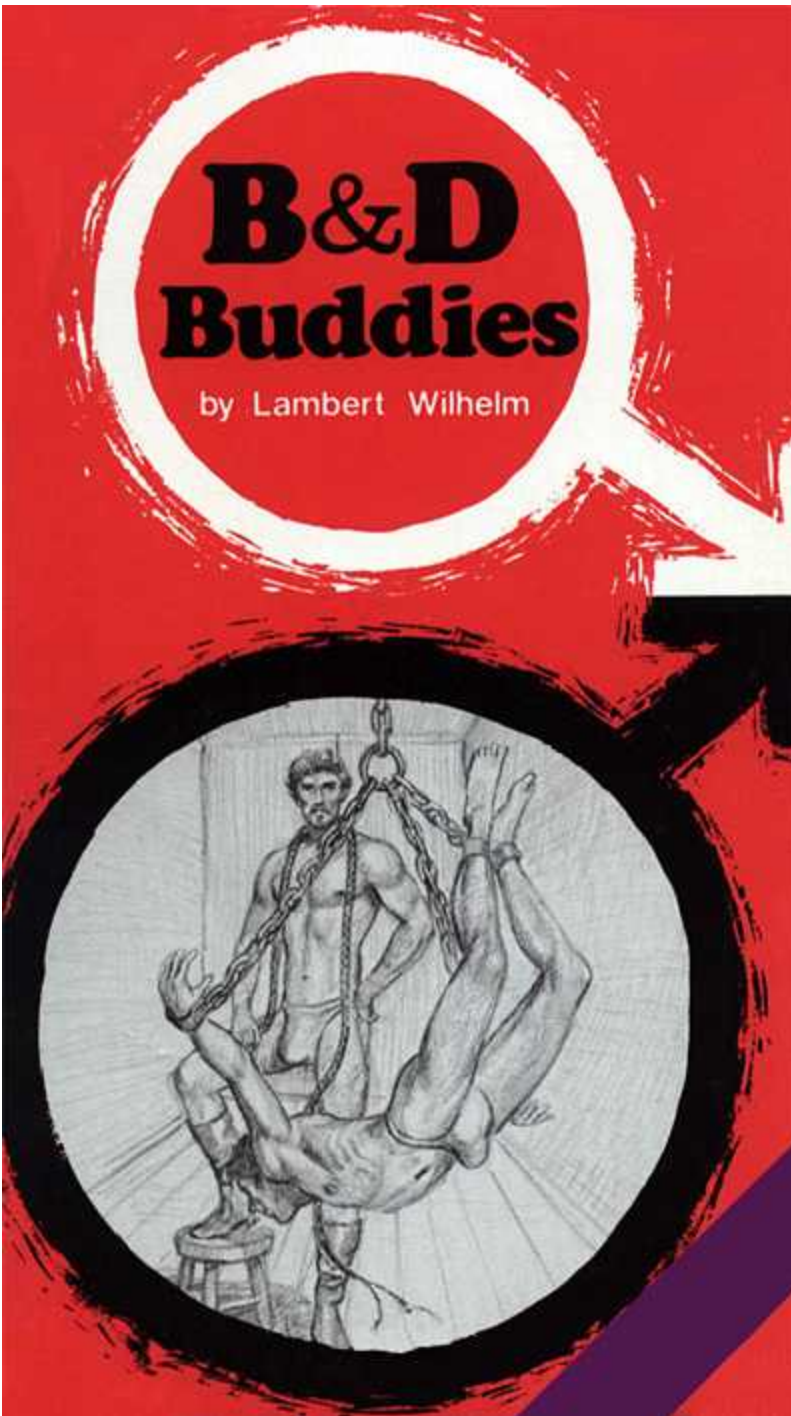
0668948001342639528

ac-235 bd buddies (lambert
wilhelm) 1980

JBBISHOP



calibre 0.8.21



AC-235 B&D BUDDIES by Lambert Wilhelm

FOREWORD

A question often asked by those who deal with psychological problems is: What is normal? The answer it, the seemingly simple question will

probably never be answered.

It is normal for some primitive inhabitants of South American jungles to perform, before the entire village, what Americans would consider depraved sexual acts. Such behavior would probably result in arrest and convictions, if not a full-fledged riot, in the U.S.A.

The people within a particular society usually are well aware of what is considered acceptable behavior for them. And therein lies the problem for the main characters of this novel.

For the young boys who become slaves in this novel have already accepted and adjusted to their world of homosexuality. Yet, they are given an insight into another side of gay sex -- into the dark world where souls mix pleasure with pain, agony with ecstasy, delight with domination.

B&D BUDDIES deals with a sexual dilemma that confronts all of us in one form or another. We cannot pass judgment on how individuals seek and find pleasure -- we can only look at them with an open mind, seeing how some members of our society face the problem.

The Publisher

CHAPTER ONE

"Get your ass over here, you cock-hungry bastard!" Steve Mellon said. His command was part of the game, just as his uniform was part of the game.

The latter belonged to his father, Sergeant Timothy Mellon, New Mexico Highway Patrol. Nevertheless, it fit. Steve, at eighteen, had a body just as studly and well built as that of his father. In fact, the shirt was actually a little tight over Steve's muscled chest.

Antony Wells, the other game player, crawled on his knees, his hands handcuffed behind him. His hard cock weaved in front of his belly. His arms hurt where they were pulled back at the shoulders. The floor, though, was covered with rug, so there was little discomfort for his knees.

Where Steve was decked out in his father's uniform, Antony was stark baked. Like Steve, he had a well-delineated physique honed to a perfect edge by participation in high-school athletics. Track and swimming had kept the boy slim, while gymnastics had molded each and every muscle to the perfection it now was. His stomach was scalloped, punctuated by a slightly indented navel. His biceps and triceps were round and powerful.

His waist was small, giving a decided veeing to his upper torso. His ass was compact, solid as a rock. His cock was ten good inches of stiffness in its present erection, his balls as big as hen's eggs, held in a tan scrotum that was covered with brown hair more wiry and curly than the tousled brown hair on the boy's head.

Antony crawled to a spot directly in front of Steve. Steve extended both hands, cupping the back of Antony's head. He pulled the boy's face forward. In an accompanying movement, Steve swung his pelvis forward to grind the hard bulge of his crotch against Antony's face.

"Kiss my cock, cocksucker!" Steve commanded. "Feel that big mass of cock that is just waiting to be set free and sent speeding up your hungry mouth."

Antony felt the stiffness of Steve's big cock against his lips. Hidden beneath the coarse roughness of the uniform pants, the cock, as Antony well knew, was a good two inches longer than his own.

"My cock wants a good suck, slave," Steve said. He gave his crotch another grind against Antony's face. "You're just the slave who can give it the suck it wants, too. You'd like that, wouldn't you?"

"Yes," Antony said, wishing his hands were free so that he could rip open the crotch of Steve's pants, reach in, and pull out that hard cock to suck on.

"Well, before you can suck on it, bastard, you're going to have to get it out of hiding, aren't you? You know how you're going to do that, too, don't you, bastard? You're going to do it with your teeth."

Steve held Antony's face securely at his crotch. Antony took a good minute to get the first button released, but he did succeed. And, after the first one, the second and third seemed to come undone even easier.

"Got it down pat, don't you, bastard?" Steve complimented. But then, he and Antony had done this game before, hadn't they? Hell, yes, they had.

Both of them had been dressing up in uniform and fucking the other since the moment their balls had dropped, allowing their stiff cocks to spring to attention.

Antony hummed some sort of undecipherable reply against the swell of Steve's cock. His breath was warm and sexy as it penetrated the pants material to bathe the cock jutting downward along Steve's left thigh.

"I'll bet you're as good at sucking cock as you are at undoing buttons with your teeth, aren't you, cocksucker." Steve asked, knowing the answer already. "Well, let's just see how much you know about sucking a real man's cock. Because, this man's cock only likes the very best kind of sucking. If you don't come across to my expectations, I'm going to have to beat your ass with my belt and then fuck it. Got the message?"

There would have been nothing Antony would have enjoyed more than having Steve beat his ass and fuck it unless, of course, it was getting his hungry mouth around Steve's thick and drooling cock.

Steve successfully pried his cock out of his opened fly. It was an impressive cock. It was circumcised, with a blunt head. It was long and thick but, despite its size, it managed to stay hard.

Steve pushed his cock into Antony's face. He used his right hand around Antony's head to give additional support. Steve's healthy balls swung forward and slapped Antony's chin.

Antony felt the cock against his lips. He could smell it and the other aromas that were emanating from Steve's crotch. He could see the blond hair strands that billowed out through the breach of Steve's open fly.

"Come on, bastard," Steve encouraged. "Get to work. I want to see if I've picked myself up a real stud of a man this time, or another of those straight dude cocksuckers who don't know shit about giving another, man pleasure."

At the same time, Steve had no doubts whatsoever that Antony was capable of giving any man pleasure. Antony had sucked more than his share of cock in his short life, and he had swung on Steve's cock on more than a few occasions in the past.

Antony's tongue came snaking out. He licked upward along Steve's cock, twirling sensuously at the top of the cock in order to steal some of the clear juices it found leaked there.

"I want more than just licking," Steve said, although he was getting one hell of a charge out of the way Antony's tongue was working like sixty over his hard-on.

"This isn't a fucking lollipop I've got jutting out of my pants. It's a cock. And the cock was buried in your mouth and throat. So, either you open up and put it there, or else you're going to find me putting it there, hard and fast. And, if I do the putting, it's liable to be a little less pleasurable than if you took my cock at your own speed."

Antony opened his mouth, pursing his lips around the top of the cock. He concaved his lips over his teeth, pushing down over the swollen cock. The cock tasted salty on his tongue, but the taste wasn't unpleasant. In fact, the taste was so enjoyable it was almost aphrodisiacal.

Antony was forced to open his mouth even wider as he tried to bury even more of the cock inside his face. He felt the top of the cock hit his palate and slide toward the opening of his throat. When the top of the cock did plug the opening of his throat, Antony felt momentarily as if he couldn't breathe. The sensation was short-lived, however, since Antony had enough experience to know how to take air as well as cock into his mouth.

"That's it, slave," Steve encouraged. "Oh Jesus, yes... that certainly is the way it's done."

Steve gave a sudden forward bucking of his hips that pushed close to the total length of his cock into place up Antony's accepting mouth. Antony's mouth and throat were rubbed raw by the sudden insertion. His jaws were pried so far open, Antony's teeth ached. His lips were pressed so tightly over his teeth, he had to consciously remember that baring his teeth would scrape Steve's cock and make it sore.

"I'm going to fuck your face," Steve said. "I am going to fuck... fuck...

fuck... your hungry face." He accompanied his words with a series of partial withdrawals and thrusts. On the last withdrawal, he pulled his cock completely free.

Antony tried to reclaim the free cock, but he had little success. If he'd had his hands free, he would have made a grab for the weaving cock, pulling it immediately back to his mouth and throat. But his hands remained handcuffed, and his mouth couldn't get to the prize because of the way Steve turned his cock out of the way.

"Come on, Steve, give it to me," Antony said, his voice a definite beg.

Now that he had once again sampled the deliciousness of Steve's cock, he wanted the rest of it. He wanted it fucked back and forth inside of his throat

as Steve had promised. He wanted to feel and taste the flooding gallons of Steve's cum blasting far and deep into his insides, basting his guts with gluey warmth and stickiness.

"Want it, do you, you horny sonofabitch?" Steve said, although it really wasn't a question. He knew Antony wanted it all right. He also knew that he was going to give Antony the cock real soon, give it to him to the point where there was nothing left hanging outside but Steve's compact scrotum. However, Steve had suddenly decided that he preferred fucking another part of Antony than the boy's mouth and throat, as experienced as Antony's mouth and throat might be.

"Damn it, Steve, give it to me!" Antony said, trying to crawl to a position that he hoped would give him access to Steve's swollen and weaving cock. He bobbed his head for it, managing to getting touch the cock, but not getting hold of it.

"I'm going to give it to you, all right, you horny bastard slave," Steve said, his voice a promise. "But I've decided it's your asshole I'm going to shove it to, not your hungry mouth. What do you think of that, bastard, huh?"

Antony didn't really care where or how he got Steve's cock. He just knew that he wanted it, need it. And he wanted and needed it fast. He was fucking turned on, really turned on. His cock was hard and stiff, whacking against his muscled belly and smearing his pre-cum along his ridged abdominals.

"Yea," Antony said. "Fuck me, copper. Fuck my hot and horny asshole until it splits from my backbone to my balls."

"And you know what I'm going to do first, don't you stud?" Steve asked, and in the process of unfastening his father's police belt and pulling it through the belt loops of his trousers.

"I'm going to take this police belt and get it sweaty by whipping your ass. You'll like that, won't you, stud? There's nothing you like better than getting your asscheeks made nice and red by a policeman's belt before that policeman fucks the living shit out of your funky asshole, is there?"

"Whip me!" Antony said, his voice a command. He dropped his face to the rug on the floor, turning his head so he could see the black boots on Steve's feet. His handcuffed hands were pulled into the small of his back. His ass was naked and vulnerable, aimed outward in open invitation for all of those inches of Steve's cock had to offer.

Steve proceeded to deliver one whip after another of his belt to Antony's ass. The leather connected with the naked skin with a loud slapping sound. All the while, Antony's body automatically responded, bucking reflexively back and forth, his ass grinding round and round.

"Aaaggghhh," Antony said, his cock growing even harder as a direct result of his beating. His balls were being pulled upward by a scrotum that was compacting with the pleasure and pain even then spiraling throughout Antony's studly young body.

"Love it, don't you, bastard?" Steve asked. He was watching the sensuous spasms of his victim. "Tell me how you love it."

"I love it, sir!" Antony said, his voice coming out muffled against the rug. He was beginning to drool, his spit turning the pile of the rug damp with his saliva.

Antony's buttocks jerked in response to yet another well-placed lashing of Steve's belt against a surface of skin that was crisscrossed with reddening welts. The asshole spasmed in anticipation of the cock that was sooner or later going to be plugged inside of it.

Steve connected belt to ass for the final time. When the leather slid free of the asscheeks, it dropped to the floor at his feet like a slick and shiny eel.

"You ready to get fucked by a cop's cock, stud?" Steve asked.

"Yes, Goddamned sonofabitch, fuck my humpy ass!" Antony said, his voice filled with genuine sincerity. "Fuck me, Jesus, fuck me!"

He leaned forward so that the top of his cock could playfully make contact with Antony's pucker without actually penetrating.

"Tell me just how badly you're dying for the feel of my hard cock jabbed deep up your ass to my bull balls."

"Stab me! Fuck me!" Antony said, more than willing to beg if it would mean his getting Steve's cock any faster. "I want all of your cock jabbed inside of me, fucking my asshole raw, fucking inside my butt until you can't contain your load any longer and send it streamlining up my shitty asshole."

Steve really got turned on by Antony's begging.

"Sure as hell, you want it," Steve said. "And I'm going to do you one hell of a big favor and give it to you, too. I'm going to give it to you hard and fast, long and deep. So deep, you're going to feel my cock jabbing all of the way through your belly and into your throat."

Steve spit into the cupped palms of both hands. He deposited healthy gobs of saliva that soon formed a hearty pool of lubricant. His cock was going to need a lot of goo spread on it if he hoped to fuck Antony's ass without ripping it. As many times as he had screwed Antony in the past, he found the tight asshole never seemed to get any looser.

Steve transferred his spit to his cock. He veneered the slippery lubricant over the top of his cock and then down along all twelve inches of his hard-on. Then, his right hand wrapping his cock, he pulled his cock down to the point where it formed a stiff bridge between his belly and the puckered entrance of Antony's asshole.

Steve bucked forward, plugging part of his cock into the hole. Continuing to shove, he was turned on to firmer efforts by the grunt Antony gave in response to the cock invading his asshole. Antony knew it was stiff cock being fed to his asshole, and while being fed Steve's cock was always one hell of a turn-on, there was always the fear that the cock was too big for where it was going. That fear never seemed to be diminished by the fact that Steve's cock had been plowed up this asshole on more than one occasion in the two young men's long history of fucking and sucking each other.

"Easy, Jesus, easy," Antony said by way of warning. He automatically struggled with the handcuffs on his wrists, attempting to get free, while knowing that there would be no getting free of the metal without the key that would open them.

"You wouldn't want to split the asshole... ugh... of, Jesus, Steve...

don't split my asshole... my asshole, my asshole."

Steve proceeded to drive all of his cock into the slot offered by Antony's tight asshole. He moved quickly, not because wanted to cause Antony additional pain, but because he wanted his cock completely inserted before the saliva veneering it could evaporate and make an insertion even more difficult. Jamming an unlubricated cock the size of Steve's up Antony's ass would have certainly threatened that asshole with ripping.

The buns of Antony's ass finally collided with Steve's belly. The ass cheeks felt warm, undoubtedly the result of the beating they had undergone a few moments earlier.

"Oh, Jesus, oh, Jesus," Antony said, his voice coming out in a low, almost guttural groan. He was temporarily lost to all sensations except the relentless pleasure consuming his asshole and the rest of his fucked guts.

His cock jabbed in all of the way, Steve clamped both of his hands on Antony's hips and hooked them there. He then pulled a few inches of his cock out of the hole, aware that it was leaking a mess of juice to act as a balm to the ravaged anal tissue and mingle with the saliva smeared there.

Steve yanked his cock out further. He stopped at about the halfway point before pushing it in totally once again. This second insertion was easier than the first, his cock having coasted in now on the slick, transparent juices mingled on the anal lining.

His next withdrawal pulled his cock even further out than before. Again, the submersion proved easier than it had been the time before. Steve risked pulling his cock almost all of the way free but stopped, knowing that

withdrawal now was impossible for the both of them. Steve needed this fuck almost as much as the begging Antony needed it.

"Fuck me... fuck me... fuck me," Antony said, his ass jiggling and moving in sensuous circular motions to stir Steve's cock against the swollen prostate buried within Antony's asshole.

"Jesus, Steve, work that monster cock of yours back and forth inside of me until we both cream our thick gallons of spunky cream."

Steve began a steady humping of Antony's ass. With a steady rhythm, he fucked with long, deep strokes, revolving his hips so that his grinding pelvis worked his cock up Antony's asshole like a pestle worked inside a mortar. All the while, Steve was feeling the luxuriously sensuous slide of his large nuts dragging upward along Antony's ass as Steve's scrotum compacted about his heavy balls.

"Oh, that does feel good," Steve said, leaning his body closer so that his crotch cupped Antony's asscheeks. He leaned further forward, lying down along Antony's back, resting his cheek on Antony's shoulder. He released his handholds on his partner's hips, dropping both hands down beneath Antony's belly. His right hand wrapped the stiffness of Antony's cock, and his left hand came up to cup the young man's healthy balls.

"And, I can tell by the hardness of your cock, and by the feel of your cum swimming in your huge nuts, that you like it too. Jesus, you do like getting your ass fucked, don't you, stud? Don't you?"

"Give it to me! Shove it home!" Antony said, his voice a command. Now that his cock and balls were being fondled, as well as his asshole being screwed, he was really climbing the walls. He couldn't seem to get enough of Steve's cock fast enough. He wanted it all, and he wanted it all and he wanted it now. He wanted it stabbing his guts, penetrating to stir his insides to steamy mush.

Steve continued to fuck, ride, pump. At the same time, his right hand was pumping Antony's hard cock. His fucking movements increased in momentum.

"I'm going to fuck you to death!" Steve said in promise, feeling his explosion rushing in upon him. His insides seemed to drop in preparation for an eventful rush of cum from his fucking cock.

"Fuck me raw, you Goddamned sonofabitch'n bastard!" Antony said, his voice ending in a low, undecipherable moan. His own climax was close upon him, welcomed and recognized. He willingly surrendered to its approach, letting it take full possession of him. His guts twisted. His stomach muscles and chest muscles went taut, standing out in high relief. His continued struggles against the metal cuffs that bound his wrists only seemed to somehow increase his pleasure, the pain adding to the ecstasy of the moment.

A downward heaving of Steve's body speared Antony one final time, ending with the sudden explosion of thick cream into Antony's bowels.

"Take it... take it... take it... you big cocked, sonofabitch'n slave bastard!" Steve said, following with lengthy groans while his crotch ground against tight asscheeks, his cum blasting in thick goo up Antony spuming asshole.

That sudden flushing of pleasure, that sudden feel of Steve's hot spunk jettisoning up his asshole, was the trigger that set Antony off. Even while the last of Steve's cum was erupting its hot and heavy wads up Antony's asshole, the young man on the bottom was feeling his own, climax letting go. His cum webbed Steve's pumping fingers, some of it managing to speckle Antony's abdominals to cling within the brown hair of the young man's crotch.

They spasmed out their last, Antony's hunky body gone glossy with sweat.

Steve's body was equally wet from their passion, but less noticeable because of the uniform he wore. The crotch of his pants was soaked with his sweat on the inside and with Antony's sweat on the outside. As usual, the uniform would have to be sent to the cleaners before his father could again use it. But then, it was always when the uniform was ready for cleaning that Steve put it on for fun and games, so his father was never the wiser. Actually, Steve always got an extra charge in putting on his father's dirty uniform. There was simply something thoroughly exciting about

fucking his cock into the crotch of a pair of pants that had held the sweaty bulge of his father's large cock and balls. Even the smell of the stale sweat beneath the arms of the shirt added its own additional turn on.

"Jesus," Antony said, his voice breathless, his body still speared with a cock that showed no indications of going immediately soft. The cum that had flooded his asshole was backing up along Steve's cock, leaking so profusely that it was puddling within the blond hair on Steve's balls.

Steve released his handhold on Antony's cock, his fingers sticky with the slime. He took hold of Antony's hipbones, pushing away from the young man's sweaty ass. His cock eased free, pulling with it much of the cum cooling up Antony's asshole. "Uggghhhh," Antony said in a low grunt when Steve's cock finally did pop free. He felt empty without the big cock plugged up his asshole.

Steve reared back on his knees. Antony came up on his own knees. Steve wrapped his anus round Antony's body, enjoying the flesh and muscle gone damp with the sweat of their passion. He pulled Antony back against his chest, leaning forward so that he could put his mouth close to the young man's ear.

"Think they're going to let us do this at the Police Academy?" Steve asked, his cock, still hard and slippery, couched within the valley formed by Antony's hard asscheeks. He felt the cool metal of the handcuffs against the firm flatness of his muscled belly.

"Jesus, I hope so," Antony said, his voice breathless. He swallowed hard.

"Goddamn, but I hope so."

"Yea," Steve said, rubbing the flat of his wet right hand up and down over the muscled contours of Antony's, studly chest and belly. "I hope so, too."

CHAPTER TWO

At first, they had little sex at the Police Academy. Not so much because of any lack of opportunity. There were certainly moments of which students might have taken advantage. The lack of sex was somewhat attributed to a hearty dose of saltpeter in the food. But men as young and as physically healthy as those at the academy were usually still able to get erections despite chemical additives. Actually, what was paramount in keeping the men's sex drives in check, Steve and Antony's included, was the fact that the first few weeks saw most of the students collapsing at the day's end in pure, physical exhaustion. Hard-ons or not, the only thing most could usually think about at the end of the day was just crawling into bed, alone, and sleeping until wake-up early the next morning.

A point was reached, however, when the bodies began finally to adjust to the physical and mental regimen the academy dished out. At that point, the lack of sex during the preceding days seemed to make the sexual drives suddenly even more intense than they had been before the enforced period of abstinence. Antony, his cock hard as a rock, was, therefore, so acutely aware of Steve in one of the other bunks in the room that he knew the minute that young man slipped out of bed, and headed for the restroom down the hall.

Antony waited until he was pretty sure everyone else was still asleep. He then slipped out of bed, conscious of the way his hard cock ballooned out the crotch of the underpants in which he slept. He contemplated putting on his pants to cover up the obvious evidence of his lust, but he decided against it.

The floor was cool against his feet; his cock getting even harder as he approached the restroom into which Steve had already disappeared.

Steve was waiting, flashing Antony a wide grin when he was joined.

"I thought maybe you were asleep," Steve said.

"You think it's easy sleeping with something this weighty attached to my belly?" Antony asked, his right hand dropping to cup the bulge at the crotch of his undershorts.

"Needless to say, you can tell by the condition of my own cock that I didn't come here to piss either," Steve said. He hadn't needed to make reference to the stiff condition of his cock. Antony, as horny as he was, had noticed it right off.

"I suggest we try to think of how the two of us can get together one day soon to see if we can't do something about all this excess weight we're carrying around with us."

"The two of us are so keyed up, it's only going to take us a couple of seconds to pop these full nuts of ours," Antony said. "I say we do something about it right now." He dropped his shorts and stepped out of them. "I don't know about you, but I'm not prepared to wait one moment longer."

"Come on, Antony, be realistic," Steve said, glancing around the room.

Very much like an Army barracks used for basic training, there was very little privacy. The sinks, urinals, and toilets were all lined up in straight rows, freed any protective paneling or separating cubicles. "We get caught by anyone stopping by for a late night piss or shit, and it'll be curtains for the both of us."

"I say we take the chance," Antony said. "I say, you drop those undershorts of yours, set your ass down on one of those toilets, and I'll set my tight ass down over that big cock jutting up from your belly."

"Christ, Antony, I don't know!" Steve said. At the same time, his ears were trying to detect any evidence of movement beyond the restroom enclosure. He didn't hear much of anything except his own breathing. And, he had to admit that what Antony was proposing was exciting as all hell.

It was even more exciting because of the threat of discovery. However, theft was one hell of a lot to be lost here. How in the hell would Steve ever be able to explain to his old man that he was expelled from the academy

because he had been caught with his hard cock jabbed to his balls up Antony's ass in the restroom?

"Come on, Steve," Antony said. "I don't know whether you've noticed or not, but very few of the guys get up after lights out unless they really have a bad case. Tankard always docs, but not until two or three in the morning."

"Christ, Antony..."

"We'll be fast," Antony said in promise. He stepped up close to Steve. He knew his naked body and cock had Steve turned on to the point of taking the risk. Not that it was really much of a risk at all. Antony hadn't been joking when he had pointed out that very few of their fellow students got up once they had hit the sack.

"We'll be real fast, and no one will be the wiser."

He reached out his hands and put them on Steve's slim waist, feeling the resulting shudder of pleasure shoot through Steve's body with just the touch of fingertips against his bare skin. Antony's hands slipped beneath the waistband of the underpants, gliding in along the curves of Steve's solid asscheeks. His thumbs hooked on the material, pulling the shorts down over Steve's hips.

"You know, neither one of us is going to make it very much longer without getting our rocks off," Antony said. "We've gone longer now than we could have ever expected. Right? And why in the hell should you fuck your own hand when you've got my asshole here, ready and waiting?"

"Jesus... Antony... Jesus," Steve said. Which really wasn't much of a protest at all. He did nothing to prevent the eventual dropping of his shorts down around his legs to a pile at his feet. He did nothing to prevent the way Antony stepped in closer, letting their erect cocks touch between them. In fact, he wanted the exquisite ecstasy derived from cock against cock as much as Antony did. It had been to fucking long since Steve had known the touch of this man standing against him.

Thinking back, it was somewhat of a miracle the two of them had managed to hold off this long. Before they had come to this place, they had fucked and sucked almost every night of the week.

"We're going to have wasted one hell of a lot of time and energy if we get caught just because we let our cocks suddenly get the best over our common sense," he said.

"No one is going to catch us," Antony said, giving assurance. He bent to pick both his and Steve's undershorts from the floor, Steve stepping out of his to oblige. Antony then stood, taking hold of Steve's stiff cock.

"Come on, stud, we're wasting valuable time."

They went over to one of the toilets where Steve sat down. His cock jutted upward. His scrotum, covered with wiry blond hair, dropped downward toward the pool of water held within the bowl. Already, however, the scrotum was beginning to tighten, jerking his balls upward.

"Here, let me get that monster juiced up as quickly as possible," Antony said, dropping to his knees on the hard floor.

He didn't fart around, knowing that Steve was now as committed to this as he was. And, he really didn't want to risk Steve's chances of graduating from the academy, even though Antony had just about decided the force really wasn't for him personally. Steve might thrive on all of the bullshit they had been taking over the past few weeks, but not Antony.

Antony leaned forward over Steve's crotch. He opened his mouth and swallowed the cock. He hadn't forgotten how to take it, either. Hell, it had been so long, he might well have suspected he would gag at the mouthful. But, he didn't. He took it from its top to its bottom in one easy slide. His nose burrowed into the blond hair clustered on Steve's lower belly.

"Sweet, sweet, Jesus... God!" Steve said, closing his eyes as the pleasure spiraled from his cock and into his guts. It had been too long since he had had a warm mouth wrapped securely around his cock and sucking... sucking.

Jesus, sucking.

Antony would have enjoyed remaining right where he was. On the other hand, he knew what he really wanted, this time around, wasn't going to be had from feeling the explosion of hot cum down his throat. He quickly deposited a mess of spit on Steve's cock. He oozed so much saliva to the cock that some of it bubbled free of his lips and caught within the hair on Steve's balls.

"Ohhhhhhh, stud, stud, stud," Steve said, his voice a mere whisper, his hands resting in the strands of Antony's brown hair which had been cut short during that first day at the academy. Steve's bare ass ground against the toilet seat. His scrotum pulled even closer to his lower belly.

Antony pulled his face upward along the cock. He left even more spit on the cock as he let it slip free of his lips. Reaching the top, he prepared for the forceful shove he expected of Steve's hands on his head.

Steve, though, let Antony's mouth come free, as anxious to replace mouth with ass as Antony was. Antony came to his feet. The two of them took a brief moment to listen for any indication that anyone had stirred, coming for a late night relieving of bladder or bowels. They would have been hard pressed to explain their present posturing, without contact, if anyone did come in. There was something decidedly incriminating about the mere fact that here were two naked men, both with huge hard-ons. Not to mention the fact that one of their cocks was slippery with spit.

Antony opened his legs and walked forward over Steve's sitting body. He reached for his ass, took hold of the cheeks and spread them for Steve's cock. Steve wasn't shirking his duty, either. As soon as Antony's pucker was revealed, Steve was moving his cock into position. He really had to do very little except make sure the top of his cock was perfectly aligned when Antony begin sitting down on it.

"On target," Antony said. He shuddered with plat, the minute his pucker concaved over the top of Steve's cock. "Count down for blast-off."

"You sexy, sexy bastard?" Steve said, knowing that the moment was soon to be worth the risk involved. Jesus, yes, it was going to be worth it!

"Maybe I've been too long without," Antony said, sitting his ass deeper,

"but your cock seems even bigger than I remember it." He gave a resounding grunt when the first touch of Steve's cock slid into place. He released his handholds on his ass. His asscheeks collapsed inward along their crease, flooding around the cock that would soon be plugging his asshole. He put his hands on Steve's shoulder, pushing to drive even more of Steve's cock into the descending ass.

"If I didn't know better, I would think I was fucking virgin ass," Steve said, his hands having moved to Antony's waist. It took all of his willpower not to use his hands to push Antony down harder and faster. He was only kept from it by knowing that Antony was taking cock at the pace most comfortable for him, most productive of pleasure for him. And Steve had always been conscious of his partner's pleasure, warning him to enjoy as much as he did.

"Don't let even the suspicion get out that the secret of regaining virgin anything is by enrolling in the Police Academy," Antony said, dropping his ass further. "Or, we'll have every queer and cunt for miles around flocking in here for renewal."

The tight asshole continued to swallow hard cock. The solid ass kept sinking nearer and nearer Steve's crotch. Finally, the butt hit Steve's lap. Like the feat achieved by Antony's mouth before it, the asshole had swallowed the cock from top to bottom in one smooth slide.

Antony wiggled his ass in place. The brown hair lining the crease of his ass mingled with the blond hair clustered about the bottom of Steve's cock. He rotated his hips, letting the hard cock stir in his asshole. He was waiting for his anal muscles to completely adjust, knowing it wouldn't take long.

"Goddamn, this is madness!" Steve said, glad that his cock was once again buried up tight asshole, simultaneously being unable to forget that a hell of a lot could be blown of anyone else down the tube by the sudden

appearance of anyone else in the restroom. Still, by this point, it was a little late to begin wondering if the risk was worth it. There was no way either of them could stop what they were doing, unless someone did show up to interrupt them. They were both too far gone.

Antony wrapped his legs around Steve's waist, locking his ankles and resting his heels on the plumbing of the toilet. Leaning forward, he brought his chest into contact with Steve's chest.

"Goddamn, but it's been so fucking long," Steve said, working his right hand in between them so he could wrap his fingers around Antony's hard cock.

"Too fucking long," Antony said. "Too, too fucking long."

He lifted his hips. His whole released some of the cock. He reared up further. He continued to lift until only the leaking top of Steve's cock was all that was cupped within the tight ring of the pucker. At that point, his sass began its downward slide. The lining of the asshole was a smooth glideway, slicked with a combination of spit and natural lubricant.

"Ride my fat cock, you sexy, sexy bastard!" Steve said, his voice low.

His right hand began a slow pump of Antony's cock. His left hand swooped in beneath his thighs and the descending ass, taking hold of Antony's balls and squeezing them.

"Sure, stud, I'm going to ride your monster cock," Antony said. Wasn't riding this cock what it was all about? It was to ride this cock that had brought Antony into this restroom in the dead of night. It was to ride this cock that had Antony risking disgrace by being discovered with Steve's hard cock jabbed up his butt. "I'll ride you... ride you... ride you... until we both cream our loads."

He was easily able, to move his ass into a fucking cadence. His ass raised, then fell, raised, then fell again, quickly achieving a fully rhythmic fucking momentum.

The pucker of the ass concaved with each shove of Steve's cock into it.

It convexed with each withdrawal of that same cock from the asshole.

"Damn, I've missed this!" Antony said, coming up, sitting down. "If you only knew how much I've missed it." He groaned from the pleasure of once again having his ass fucked by hard cock, his hard cock fucking a hand.

He groaned again from the pleasure to be had from the squeeze of Steve's fingers around his tender nuts.

Steve stripped Antony's cock while his cock was getting stripped up tight asshole. His expert fingers manipulated looser outer skin upward along the inner hardness of the cock, his maneuvers pouting skin over the top of the cock, like, a new foreskin. He pumped, then pumped again. He had easily enough found a rhythm to correspond to the bounce of Antony's asshole over stiff cock. Juices oozed from Antony's cock to slick Steve's pumping fingers. Steve's cock leaked it's own natural lubricant up Antony's ass.

"Yes, oh, yes, oh, yes," Antony said, his voice low and guttural. He was a cowboy, riding Steve's cock like a bucking bronco. He bounced. He twisted his snug butt to a screwing over the cock that was working inside him.

Antony moved his bounce into high gear. As he did so, he felt Steve's masturbating fingers whip harder and faster. He threw back his head, opening his mouth. He growled like a wild beast consumed in the heat of rutting. He had reached his moment. He had been so long, it hadn't taken all that long. Just as he had known it wouldn't.

"Oh, fucking God!" he said, his words almost undecipherable in the pleasure that distorted them. With a hissing sigh, he sank his ass one final time over Steve's cock. His asscheeks ground against Steve's cupping lap.

Steve's climax was right there to join the one already beginning to tremble Antony's whole. The spasmodic vibrations of the bowel around the cock was all Steve needed to pop his rocks.

"Here it comes, bastard!" Steve said, grunting in warning. He was simultaneously trying to remember that it was important that he keep his pleasure as silent as possible. If no one had discovered the two of them so far, there was little point in bringing them running with a display of guttural sound effects.

"Take my cum... cum... my creamy cum." He grunted. He groaned. He became lost in the burning ecstasy that was threatening to consume him. With the force of a firehose turning loose its powerful stream of water, Steve's cock released its cum. And, as if his cum had somehow managed to shoot into the stiff shaft of Antony's masturbated cock, a great gob of steamy spunk blasted free of Antony's cock. The gooey gob flew upward and outward, splattering finally on the chiseled muscles of Steve's chest.

All the while, milky cream was being squirted into Antony's spasming bowel.

"Oh, stud, stud, stud!" Antony said, twisting his ass over the cock he was sitting on, feeling his guts seemingly being blasted between his and Steve's hard bellies. "That feels so... so... so... fucking good!"

Steve wasn't denying how good it felt. Hell, how could he deny it when his whole body was shuddering with the wave after wave of pleasure shooting through it? Nor could he deny that there was something unique about this particular pleasure, a certain something there only because of where this sex was taking place. Danger, the fear of discovery, was an aphrodisiac that Steve would never be able to deny again -- if he had ever thought to deny it in the first place.

Once the pleasure had ebbed, however, the two were quick to realize that there was little point in extending the risk any further. It was, therefore, with considerable speed that the two of them managed to become unglued, wiping up telltale traces of their passion with toilet tissue and hurriedly slipping on shorts to conceal the evidence supplied by their cocks swollen from sex.

"Goddamn, that was a good fuck," Steve said, having gone to one of the sinks across the room where he was running water to wash his hands. "And,

we've had some pretty good sex in the past with which to compare it, haven't we?"

"You're not sorry, then, that we did it, are you?" Antony asked, suddenly feeling just a little guilty. Guilty not because of the sex but because their being discovered would have screwed up Steve's life far more than it would have fucked up Antony's future. Steve, after all, really had his heart set on being a policeman. It was all a part of the Mellon family tradition. The Mellon men were always a part of law enforcement. Had Steve been drummed out of the academy because of being caught fucking Antony's ass in the restroom, there would have been a family schism resulting from the scandal that would have left Antony feeling as guilty as all hell.

"Sorry?" Steve asked, sounding genuinely surprised. "Why in the hell would I be sorry for having had one of the best fucks of my life?"

"We might have gotten caught," Antony said in reminder.

"But, we didn't get caught, did we?" Steve said. "Why fuck up our minds with any just supposes?"

"You know why I'm especially glad we got off together tonight?" Antony asked, causing Steve to give a curious glance in his direction.

"You mean, quite aside from the fact that we both hadn't had a good screw in a long time?" Steve said.

"Yea, quite aside from that."

Steve turned off the water and reached for a paper towel. His cock, now soft, still managed to make a seductively large bulge in the crotch of his underpants.

"So, spit it out," Steve said, drying his hands on the paper towel. They were safe enough now. Anyone coming in on them at that point would have never known the two had minutes before been united, cock up ass and hard cock in hand.

"I'm calling it quits here at the academy," Antony said, leaving his muscled ass up against one of the sinks.

Steve's face showed his surprise, even though he wasn't immediately able to get out any verbal response.

"I don't understand," he did finally manage. "Why quit now when the worst of the bullshit is over and done with? Christ, Antony, about all you've got left is graduation."

"I've decided to be realistic," Antony said. "I simply finally got my act together the other day. We were out on the firing range, as I remember.

And, I said to myself, Antony, you have really fucked up. You've confused your fantasy of getting fucked by a policeman with being a policeman yourself. And, they are not one and the same thing. As I'm sure you'll agree."

"But, I thought..."

"And, I thought so, too," Antony said. "But, the whole truth of the matter is that I really don't want to be a cop. Oh, I shall certainly continue wanting to be fucked by cops, but being one to boot? I think not."

"Jesus!" Steve said. His tone indicated that he really hadn't believed anything he had just heard.

"It is all true, believe me," Antony said. "Simply take my word for it. I really have no desire whatsoever to go out and defend Mr. and Mrs. John Q. Public from the forces of evil. Not that I'm putting down your need to do so. You've got law enforcement in your blood. Me? I was just coming along for the ride, probably reluctant as all hell, as I still am, to weaken the bond the two of us have together. It's hardly likely, you know, that I'm never going to find a cook to match yours. But, it's about time I simply faced up to the fact that I can't funnel my whole life into a mold I'm not really cut out for, just so I can keep access to that big cock between your legs?"

"What the fuck do you plan to do with yourself?" Steve asked. If Antony was reluctant to break up their partnership at this point, Steve was just as reluctant to do so. Hell, the two of them had been sucking and sucking together for years. It seemed just as unlikely that Steve was ever going to find anyone as compatible -- sexually or otherwise -- as he found Antony. On the other hand, law enforcement was in Steve's blood. There was no getting around that. Graduating from the academy was an important part of his life.

"Maybe college," Antony said. He gave a shrug. Actually, he hadn't made too many plans. It had taken all of his effort to make this decision, without looking any further ahead.

"But not right away. I was actually thinking of taking over one of my old man's trucks for a year or so and hauling freight across country. Some of his drivers have come back with some tales that suddenly make that kind of life seem right up my alley at the moment. Without your cock being available, I'm going to have to plow into something with a lot of sexual variety, or I'm going to go bananas. Right?"

"Don't you think it might be wise to finish up here at the academy first?" Steve asked, knowing that he was going a little panicky with even the thought of Antony not being around for fun and games. "Hell, you don't have to be a cop when you get out of here."

"Don't think I didn't consider that," Antony said. "But, in the end, I decided that would merely be delaying the inevitable. I figured I might as well make the break right now while I was seeing things straight."

"Hell!" Steve said, obviously still frustrated by the news.

"It's not like we'll never get together again," Antony said. Even as he said it, he knew that whether they ever got together again or not, things would probably never be the same. His decision to drop out of the Police Academy had suddenly changed everything. There was even the decided possibility that there would be no more sex for them before Antony left the school. That, at least as Antony was concerned, was what had made the risk worth it of having sex there in the can.

"Fuck!" Steve said. "When are you leaving?"

"As soon as I can get the paperwork through," Antony said. "Actually, probably the sooner the better."

"And, there's no chance whatsoever of you reconsidering?"

"I think not."

"You shithead!" Steve said, coming over and taking Antony in his arms.

"Do you know how fucking much I'm going to miss your ugly Goddamned face being around?"

"I'm too caught up in knowing how much I'm going to be missing you, you sexy bastard," Antony said.

The two kissed, ending it quicker than either would have liked, but knowing that being discovered now, locked in embrace, would have helped neither of them out of their present dilemma.

"I think maybe you had better head back to bed, yes?" Antony said, reluctant to pull away. Goddamn, was he really making the right decision in going? "You're going to need all of the rest you can get in preparation for the bullshit that's still part of the course you've got remaining."

"Damn, I'm going to miss you!" Steve said, stepping back, knowing that Antony had made an irrevocable decision, knowing it was probably the right one.

"You damned well better miss me!" Antony said. He turned and left the restroom, knowing that if he stayed any longer he was liable to start reconsidering his determination to leave.

CHAPTER THREE

Antony, who had come back to the main dormitory to clean out his locker and pick up the last of his things, was surprised when he looked up to see Bobby Westfield arriving from the shower. Antony had thought everyone would be in classes, he and Steve having already said goodbye. Then, Antony remembered that most of the class was scheduled for a run through the obstacle course, and Bobby had gotten a two-day release from physical training because of an ankle twisted during a hand-to-hand combat session the previous day.

"Hey, Wells!" Bobby said by way of greeting, almost everybody, like in the military, resorting to addressing classmates by their last names.

"How's the ankle, Westfield?" Antony asked, sitting on the edge of the bed. He turned even more of his attention on Bobby. This, after all, wasn't the first time Antony had taken note of the young stud. However, he had tempered his interest on previous occasions because of the rather delicate situation of their both being students at the Police Academy.

Now, however, Antony felt a little less inhibited because he was in the process of clearing out.

"Ankle's okay," Bobby said. He was nineteen but looked twenty-one. He had dark black hair and a permanent blue-black shadow of a beard on his lower face. He had a ruggedly handsome face, complete with classic cleft chin and square jawline. He had black eyes beneath attractively long and sooty eyelashes. He was a decidedly studly number, and there had been something about the furtive glances he had occasionally cast about in the shower room that had gotten Antony to suspecting Bobby was more than a little interested in what was dangling between his fellow students' hairy legs.

As the bulge in his towel indicated, Bobby also had one hell of a cock.

Antony had spent more than a few moments fantasizing about what he might do with it. Fantasizing, though, was all he had done. At the time, he had been more concerned about getting Steve's cock. Now? Well, there was no harm in doing a little fishing to see just how far off the mark he had been in his evaluation of studly Bobby Westfield's sexual preferences.

Not that knowing was going to help Antony, but if Bobby were into gay sex, it would be something to pass on to Steve. God knew, Steve could probably use an outlet other than beating his own pud, after Antony left.

"I hear you're pulling out," Bobby said. He unaffectedly pulled the towel free of his waist, baring the healthy hang of his ten inches of cock.

The move only made Antony more sure that Bobby, freed of watching eyes that might condemn, was willing to take more chance now than he might have normally done. On the other hand, maybe Antony was indulging in nothing but a bit of wishful thinking. There was something definitely inviting about Bobby's cock, about the way the foreskin didn't quite come to a close over the top of the flaccid cock.

"Yeah, I'm pulling out," Antony said, watching while Bobby dried -- or pretended to dry -- the by that attractively grew across the squared pectoral of his chest. "I've had enough of this mickey mouse operation."

"You've got a better grade average than I do," Bobby said, sitting on the edge of the bed and moving his towel down along one leg.

Was Antony imagining it, or was the tip of Bobby's cock beginning to shoot further through its bulky foreskin?

"Grades have nothing to do with my decision," Antony said. "I simply decided I wasn't up to being a cop."

"Yea, the job can be a bit restrictive," Bobby said in agreement.

His cock was swelling, its foreskin being pulled back along the cock as the cock swelled with more and more blood.

"Your cock is going stiff," Antony said. Which left Bobby speechless enough. Bobby hadn't been expecting Antony to come out with such a blatant frontal attack. The poor kid was actually looking flustered.

Hell, it almost made Antony laugh.

"Don't worry about it, stud," Antony said. "I didn't know a real man yet who couldn't get a stiff prick on occasion."

Antony decided to put the poor sucker out of his misery. He stood.

"I've really got to get my shit out of here and leave room for you future cop's to spread out," he said. He headed for his locker to pick up the last few things still left in there.

"What gives you a hard-on?" Bobby asked. The question actually surprised Antony, and his look must have shown it when he turned back to face Bobby. Bobby was smiling. "You do get hard-ons, don't you, Wells?" he said. "I haven't seen a man yet who didn't, and you always seemed man enough to me."

"I think it would be safer for you not to know what gives me a hard-on,"

Antony said. "It's possibly a bit more information than is needed by one of our nation's future highway patrolmen."

"Why don't you try me and see?" Bobby said. He had rested the towel over his cock. Why? Because his cock was going even harder?

"Trying you would certainly give me a hard-on," Antony said, deciding that the lead-in had simply been too great to resist. If Bobby hadn't wanted the answer Antony had given, he shouldn't have asked for it. If he got upset, well then, he just got upset. No sweat off Antony's balls.

And, what was the bastard going to do if he didn't like the idea of his having turned Antony on, huh? Put up a fight? He was going to certainly look ridiculous wrestling in the raw.

It didn't, though, look as if Bobby were prepared to defend himself against some supposed insult to his manhood. So, Antony decided there was nothing to be lost by going one step further.

"See," he said, dropping his left hand to his left thigh, his fingers spreading to outline the bulge being made by his cock. "Just talking about trying you on has started my old cock to swelling."

"Is what you've got in there any match for this?" Bobby asked, dragging his towel free of his lap, revealing a cock that was stiff as a board. It was a powerful cock, thickly veined, made bulky by the wrapping of foreskin. The accompanying balls, covered with a thick fur of wiry black hair, dropped from the bottom of the cock. They were large balls, too, each better than a handful.

"I've really progressed beyond the point of comparing cock sizes in locker rooms," Antony said. "Thanks for the invite, anyway."

"And, if I was inviting more than mere comparison?" Bobby asked, obviously feeling on firmer ground than he had when the conversation had first begun.

"I'm merely wondering just how much a future policeman is prepared to offer," Antony said. His left hand was stroking his cock through his trousers. However, there was no need for him to caress his cock to get it stiff. The talk itself, let alone the mere expectation of possibly getting into something with Bobby, was more than enough to give him a hard-on. His hand on his cock, though, allowed him to draw Bobby's attention to a cock that was obviously just as big if not bigger than anything Bobby had to offer.

"I'm versatile," Bobby said. He hadn't missed what Antony was displaying.

He'd been after it for one hell of a long time, without knowing just how to go about making his move. One had to be damned careful when one was at the Police Academy, learning to be a cop. Oh, there were gay policemen, a lot of them having gone successfully through the regimen of the academy.

But if you wanted to be a cop, like Bobby wanted to be one, you just didn't walk up to every attractive stud, pull down your pants and ask him to fuck you. Not unless you wanted to risk pulling your pants down for the wrong person.

"How versatile are you?" Antony asked. His cock was leaking pre-cum. He could feel the wetness soaking the crotch of his underpants. He wanted to take his cock out of his binding underpants. He wanted to shove it deep up Bobby Westfield's funky asshole. The thoughts of which made his cock ooze even more translucent juices.

"When you're as horny as I am, Wells," Bobby said, "you'd be surprised at just how versatile that can be."

"Unfortunately, this hardly seems like the time or the place to try out your versatility," Antony said, wondering if Bobby were really willing to get down with him right then and there. Granted the dormitory was pretty much vacant during times when classes were in session, but there was always the chance that someone might be coming around to make a spot-check.

"The locale didn't seem to stop you and Mellon," Bobby said, watching Antony's expression and trying to read it.

"I don't know what you're talking about," Antony said, immediately put on the defensive. He pulled his hand away from his crotch, folding his arms across his chest. It suddenly wasn't inconceivable that there was a plot in the protest to implicate Steve in something, and Antony wasn't about to let that happen.

"I saw the two of you heading off to the can the other evening," Bobby said. "You were gone for a hell of a long time."

"Yea? Well, I was constipated, and Steve stood by to keep me company while I agonized over my crap."

Bobby immediately recognized his mistake. He regretted having brought up Steve Mellon's name. By doing so, he had somehow made Antony less susceptible.

"Steve is as straight as a stick," Antony said.

"Too bad," Bobby said, knowing suddenly that if Steve Mellon was gay, Bobby should have known better than to try and get it verified by Steve's best friend. Yet, it would have been nice knowing for sure that there was someone else walking the halls of the academy who might have been willing for fun and games, especially someone as studly as Steve Mellon.

"In fact, we're all straight, aren't we?" Antony said. "Whoever heard of a gay going to the Police Academy?"

"Come on, Wells," Bobby said, suddenly fearful that he had somehow spoiled everything by bringing up Steve Mellon. "You want me to spell it out for you? I'm gay. I'm so gay, I'm willing to bend over this bed right here and now and let you fuck that big cock of yours up my asshole."

"The invitation is tempting, even to a straight like myself," Antony said and smiled. "But, I really don't think this is the time or the place for either of us to do any experimenting."

"Goddamn it, I want you to fuck my asshole!" Bobby said, standing. He let the towel fall completely away. Jesus, his cock was hard! "I want you to stick that big prick of yours so far up my butt that I can feel and taste the top of it stuck in my throat. What in the hell do you want me to do, beg? Well, Goddamn it, I'm begging."

He reached to take hold of his asscheeks. He bent slightly forward to show Antony the brown pucker and the black hair growing along the anal valley.

"Come on, bastard," Bobby said, refusing to believe he had somehow let Antony slip through his fingers. "I can tell you want my asshole, no matter what line of bullshit you're willing to spread about being straight. Hell, that giant cock of yours is so hard it's already threatening to split the crotch of your pants at the seams. What in the hell are you waiting for?"

Antony looked nervously around the room. If this were some kind of trap to implicate Antony, and Steve by proxy, Bobby was certainly carrying it to

extremes. Hell, even a stud who had never fucked male asshole in his life would have been turned on by this come-on.

"Fuck me... fuck me... fuck me," Bobby said, his voice a low and guttural moan. He rolled his ass in invitation. His cock leaked moisture that splattered his abdominal hair when a contraction of his scrotal muscles brought his cock thudding back against his belly.

Antony suddenly couldn't figure out for the life of him what he had to lose by taking full advantage of Bobby's invitation. If it were a trap, he would have every right to plead entrapment. Bobby's grinding ass was enough to give a eunuch an erection. Besides, Antony didn't have to be afraid of getting drummed out of the academy. He was already no longer an official member. Nor had he said anything to implicate Steve. Simply being gay and having Steve as a friend could in no way incriminate the blond stud. Hell, there were gays who befriended the straightest guys alive without ever letting drop that they preferred male cock and ass to female pussy.

"Come on, bastard!" Bobby said. He'd reached the point where he didn't much care whether or not someone showed up to see him. He wanted Antony's cock jabbed up his asshole. Goddamn, he needed that cock fucked up his butt. It had been too fucking long since he had had a creamy load blasted up his bowel.

"I'm begging for your cock, Wells. You going to tell me you're going to let your balls turn blue by refusing to take me up on my offer? Hell, stud, it's not like I've got a face and a body that needs to be put in a bag, because I don't. Not only do I know I'm sexy as all hell, but I've got an asshole so tight, you're going to think you're plugging virgin territory."

Antony's hand was back on his crotch. Bobby was sure as hell right about one thing. Antony's cock was so fucking hard it was threatening to split the crotch of his pants. It was leaking like sixty, too.

Antony began unbuttoning his pants, seeing Bobby give no indication that he was about to call in the guards. Quite to the contrary, the hairy stud licked his lips in anticipation, leaned over the bed, and rotated his ass sensuously in Antony's direction.

"You really that hot for my cock?" Antony asked.

He had about decided that Bobby's curiosity about Steve had probably arisen from the desire to know of someone, like Bobby, going through the routine of the academy. Someone available to help relieve the tension when it built to the breaking point. Well, if it did turn out that Bobby was just a gay on the outlook for another queer cock and asshole, Antony just might clue him in to Steve's possible availability. At the same time, however, he couldn't help being made a little jealous by the idea of this stud and Steve fucking up a storm while Antony was God only knew where. Oh, he knew the tales the truck drivers told of wild sex on the road, but there were no guarantees Antony would ever see any of it. The chances were very good he wouldn't soon come across any kind of sex as wild as the kind Bobby was now proposing.

"Pull out that giant cock of yours," Bobby said. "I've never seen it hard. I've seen it soft plenty of times, but never when it was stiff and ready for fucking. Oh, it was stiff enough the other night when you went wandering off to the can with Mellon. But, even then, it was hidden from me in your shorts."

"Really want to see it, do you?" Antony asked. He stuffed his hand into his open pants fly. He shoved his fingers in through the crotch opening of his underpants. He found his hot cock and the warm, sticky goo which had been leaked from it. He took hold of his cock and began to pry it free. He felt the pleasurable strain of a cock gone so hard that it refused to bend as Antony attempted to pull it free. Finally, though, it sprung into the daylight.

Antony moved in, his hands going to Bobby's waist. He pulled the young man's body back so that the asscheeks nestled in Antony's crotch. He rubbed his cock against the solid ass. His cock drooled a new mess of pre-cum to gloss the flesh.

It felt good. It felt damned good. It felt so good, Antony knew he was going to fuck this tight asshole, come what may. He pinpointed the anal opening with one finger. He ran his cock into the crease of the ass, using his finger as a slideway. His cock hit the winked pucker.

"Fuck me... fuck me... fuck me!" Bobby said, his body trembling in anticipation. He wanted Antony's cock fucked up his asshole, and he knew he was on the verge of having his wish come true.

Antony pushed his hips forward. He drove his cock home, surprised at the tightness which was suddenly surrounding his cockhead. The very tightness made him anxious for more, so anxious that he didn't even wait for Bobby's ass to adjust to the inches which had already been fed it. He pushed to give the asshole even more hard cock.

"Ugggghhhh... ugh... ugggghhhh!" Bobby said, grunting. He knew that if Antony's cock had been any bigger it would have ripped his ass. Yet, he was so turned on, he was excited by the fact that Antony had wasted no time in burying his complete cock up the spasming asshole.

Quite consumed by his spiraling passion, Antony jabbed his crotch in firmly against Bobby's butt. He ground his hard lower belly into Bobby's firm asscheeks. His cock stirred up the gripping asshole.

Bobby's asshole sucked on the submerged cock like a hungry mouth. The resulting vibrations only added to Antony's pleasure. Yet, whatever the pleasure, Antony was anxious for more of it.

"Screw me," Bobby said. Leaning forward, his hands took hold of the top cover on the bed. He widened the stance of his legs, thrusting his butt back for a firmer fitting over the cock jutting outward from Antony's hairy crotch. "Fuck the living shit out of me."

Antony was prepared to do just that, knowing that any fuck was more than just the mere insertion of a hard cock up a tight asshole. So, in a series of in and out strokes, he began to screw Bobby's asshole. His body acted automatically, giving long and easy rides of his fat cock into and then out of Antony's asshole.

Antony took hold of Bobby's hipbones for support, holding the hairy stud's body firmly in place while he fucked it. His hips banged, his cock exploring each and every inch of the stud's available asshole.

Bobby swallowed, surprised at how much pleasure had come with just the insertion of the cock up his butt. But then, it had been one hell of a long time since he had been fucked, hadn't it? The ecstasy was so good, it almost seemed as if this were the first time he had ever offered his asshole up for a screwing. Which it wasn't.

Antony's cock continued to ram in and slide almost free. As it did so, it hit Bobby's prostate and milked it for the clear liquid that began bubbling free of the top of top dark-haired youth's stiff prick.

"That's the way," Bobby said, his body alive with the building pleasure.

"Jesus, Jesus, Jesus... that is definitely the way to... oh, yes... fuck me, you sexy, sexy stud... fuck me!"

Antony fucked all right, there being nothing else he could have done but fuck by that point. He pulled his cock almost out of the asshole, feeling the continually delicious gumming of the bowel along his exiting cock. He jabbed his cock home again, the trembling asshole collapsing in against the entering stiffness.

Antony was sweaty inside of his clothes. There were perspiration spots forming beneath the arms of his shirt, matching the sweaty damp spat made by Bobby's gyrating ass against the crotch of Antony's open trousers.

"Yea, stud, I'm going to fuck you, all right," Antony said, pumping faster. He was quickly becoming a fuck machine. His mind commanded that he screw, and he screwed. He growled like an animal in heat. His mouth filled with spit that was drooled in the heat of his passion.

The ecstasy built so swiftly, it was impossible for the fuck to go on forever. It was impossible for it to go on even for as long as the two participants might have liked it to continue. Both young men were simply too damned hyped by the whole scene. From the moment Antony had first stuck his cock up the butt, the youths had been close to coming. So real had been the threat, it was surprising that they both held off actual eruption for as long as they had.

When the mutual orgasm did take hold of them, it was something neither would soon forget. Antony hung tightly to Bobby's spasming body, riding it toward completion.

"Oh, Goddamned, fucking shit!" Bobby said, his voice an animalistic groan. Without his cock having even been touched, he climaxed, spurting out great gobs of pearly white cum that squirted through the air and came to land in wet puddles on the blanket of the bed. "That feels so fucking good... you sonofabitch'n, fucking, sexy stud!"

"Take it!" Antony said in command, his cock still pumping even though it was already beginning to spurt cum. All around it, the asshole was trembling with the ecstasy turned loose in Bobby's body. The anal spasms only increased Antony's pleasure, egging him on to more and more fuck strokes that filled the asshole with bubbling slime.

"Take my Goddamned load of hot cream, you cop's asshole you policeman's asscrack, you patrolman's fucked, fucked, Jesus, fucked butt!"

More cum erupted from Antony's cock to baste Bobby's asshole. More cum erupted from Bobby's cock to soil the blanket of the bed. The nuts of both young men were pulled so high toward their lower bellies that they seemed almost disappeared.

"Oh, my fucking shit!" Bobby said, his voice a muted yell as Antony socked his hard cock one final time into the youth's asshole, leaving it there while the last of the cum pumped up the hairy stud's butt.

"Goddamn... Goddamn... Goddamn!" Antony said. He felt as if all of his strength had just exited his body with his cum.

CHAPTER FOUR

While Steve and Bobby had told themselves they were going to wait until they reached the cabin, they should have known they were both far too horny to hold off that long. Not that they hadn't managed a few quick sucks and fucks at the academy after Antony had clued them in on each other's gayness. But that sex, as intense as it always was, never seemed quite able to drain out all of the existing tension.

The cabin belonged to a friend of Bobby's brother Darold. It was volunteered by Darold in a letter toward the end of the courses at the Police Academy. The graduating class was being allowed the luxury of a whole weekend off the campus. Darold had thought his brother could use a little privacy after the crowded unsympathetic atmosphere of the academy.

The country road that led to the cabin snaked through mountain country, meandering toward the high meadow where the cabin was located. The car was on the road when Bobby leaned over the seat and rested his hand on Steve's crotch. Steve, who was driving, managed a quick turn in Bobby's direction to flash a wide smile.

"I wasn't mistaken," Bobby said, giving a squeeze. "That cock of yours is hard, isn't it?"

"It's been that way ever since you first suggested we get away for this weekend," Steve said, easing the car into another turn.

"My cock has been that way, too," Bobby said. "And you know what?"

"What?"

"Despite all of my good intentions, I don't think I'm going to be able to hold off until we get to the cabin."

"Should I turn off at the next opportunity?" Steve asked. Actually, the narrowness of the road, high bank on one side, steep drop off to the other, had made turning off virtually impossible for the past five miles.

There seemed little indication, from what could be seen of the road up ahead, that any opportunity to stop would be immediately forthcoming.

"You don't have to turnoff," Bobby said, his fingers expertly beginning to unzip the fly of Steve's pants. "I think I can manage while the car is moving."

"You think you want to risk my driving while you're fooling around down there with my cock?" Steve asked. Actually, he wondered if he would be able to keep the necessary concentration on the road that would be required while Bobby did whatever he was planning on doing. Already, Steve was getting tremors of pleasure throughout his system, and Bobby hadn't even freed the thick cock for which he was fishing.

Steve's cock was stiff, securely wedged into the small space between his left thigh and the inside of his muscled thigh. His blue jeans, which had been tight before his cock had done any swelling, had very little space to sufficiently accommodate the hard-on. Bobby's removal of Steve's cock was further complicated by the fact that it was so solid it refused to bend even a little.

The effort to free his cock from confinement was flooding a painful pleasure throughout Steve's lower body. The combination of pleasure and pain somehow managed to make his cock go even more solid, hardly aiding Bobby in his efforts to get it free of the trousers.

Steve wiped his forehead with the back of his right hand. He concentrated as best he could on the road up ahead. He told himself to be cool, while simultaneously feeling the flooding of adrenaline into his blood.

Bobby gave one final tug and succeeded in pulling the cock into the light. The cock immediately went to attention, assuming additional hardness. If it had been hard for Bobby to get the cock out, it would have been virtually impossible for him to stuff it back into concealment in its present state of engorgement.

"My God, this baby is hard," Bobby said, wrapping his hand around the uplifted cock. He squeezed, his squeezing causing the release of a slow

river of pre-cum. "Here, let me give those big balls of yours an airing, too."

"Maybe we had better wait until I can find a place to stop, huh?" Steve suggested. The feel of Bobby's hand on his cock and the fingers fishing for his balls was making it damned difficult to concentrate on his driving.

"You're doing just fine," Bobby said, scooping his hand down beneath Steve's erect cock and pulling out his balls.

Steve consciously slowed the car, worried by the way the road seemed to somehow be narrowing even more. There were no guard posts whatsoever separating the roadway from the drop on the one side.

"You know what I have in mind to do, don't you?" Bobby said. Then, he answered his own question. "I'm going to go down on your cock right here and now. I'm going to wrap my rubbery lips around your delicious cock and suck until that damned monster cock of yours drowns me in sticky cum."

"Just don't get us both killed, will you?" Steve said. He was still wondering if he shouldn't simply insist that they hold off any sex until they got into safer conditions.

However, at the same time, he could recognize that the element of danger had always been a vital part of the sex they had had together. Before, it had been the danger of discovery by some straight at the academy. Now, when there was little chance of discovery, there was the danger offered by having sex while Steve tried to concentrate on keeping the car on the road. The danger, before as now, was an aphrodisiac, something to make the sex even more exciting than it normally would have been.

Bobby shifted on the seat. He slid down on to the floor. He turned more fully toward Steve, moving his face over Steve's crotch and to the swollen cock that was just waiting there for him.

He reached for the cock and pulled it over to him.

Steve gripped the wheel of the car harder. He once again tried to consciously focus all of his attention on the task of driving the automobile.

It was easier for Bobby to forget that they were in a moving car. Down on the floor where he was, his world had suddenly compressed to the point where there was only him and Steve's big cock. The only real evidence of the car in motion was the vibration of the metal that trembled against Bobby's knees and the seat trembling where he leaned against it.

He stuck out his tongue, lapping Steve's cock as if he were a kid licking a lollipop.

"Jesus!" Steve said, wiping more sweat off his forehead.

Bobby felt Steve's cock tremble with the licking. He also tasted the latest gushing of pre-cum which oozed from the pink top of the stiff prick. The juice tasted good. It tasted so good, in fact, that it made Bobby all the more anxious to go sucking for the thicker meal even then being manufactured within Steve's giant nuts.

He ovaled his lips around Steve's cock, giving a slow and steady suck.

His head slipped downward over the cock, his mouth sucking up the hardness.

"Oh, Jesus, Jesus, Jesus," Steve said, blinking his eyes to clear the sudden blurring of vision which had resulted from the fast flooding of pleasure through him. "If I tell you it's getting to be too... Jesus, you cock sucking bastard... pleasurable, you had better pay attention and pull your head out of my lap. Or you're liable to find us and this car floating out into the great beyond. Got it?"

What Bobby did get was more of Steve's cock. He dropped his head deeper into Steve's lap. He curled his tongue around the cock, offering a slideway into the depths of his throat. His taste buds were quickly drenched in the oozing pre-cum that continued to seep from Steve's cock.

"Easy," Steve said in warning. "Jesus, Bobby, take it easy!"

Bobby was going to go easy all right. Hell, you didn't swallow a whole foot of cock without going easy, did you? The first time he had attempted going

down on this monster, he had actually choked on it, hadn't he? That was really something, considering all of the cocks Bobby had sucked off in his lifetime. But, no matter how many cocks he had sucked before he had first wrapped his rubbery lips around this one, he hadn't come upon twelve inches of hard prick before.

Choke or not, that first time, he had successfully sucked his way all of the way down to the bottom. Knowing that, it had given him confidence the second time he had done it. It gave him the confidence he needed to know that he could suck it all of the way to the bottom now.

"You sexy bastard, you are liable to end up getting us killed yet," Steve said. However, there was no denying the fact that he really enjoyed the feel of Bobby's warm mouth wrapped securely around his cock.

Bobby's face had dropped just about as far as it could. His firm lips were ovaled around the very bottom of the cock, tickled there by the bushing of blond pubic hair on Steve's lower belly.

Steve's nut-sac was contracting. The bag was growing thicker and, in so doing, was hefting both of Steve's balls upward. Already neither of the balls was resting on the seat. The hairy skin was in movement, shifting every which way around the balls contained within it.

Bobby smelled the luscious scents at Steve's groin. He was turned on even more by those masculine smells he found there. He breathed in deeply, savoring the heady male perfume that was a combination of natural body oils, sweat, and the sex then in progress.

Bobby stayed where he was for the moment, gently corkscrewing his face first one way and then the other. Finally he began dragging his pursed lips back up Steve's cock. As he did so, he used his tongue to spread spit around the total length of the emerging cock.

Steve began a helpless fucking bounce on the car seat. At the same time he reminded himself that any sudden jerks on the wheel, any spasmodic pressing of the gas pedal, could send them both flying off into an oblivion quite different from the sexual one they were both working toward.

Bobby moved quickly into a sucking cadence. He bounced his head up, then down, then up and down. His hands now free, he used one of them to playfully massage the continually compacting flesh of Steve's scrotum.

It was damned hard for Steve not to look down and watch the rhythmic bobbing of Bobby's face over his cock. Yet as tempted as he was to look down, he knew there was still the road to watch. There was another curve up ahead that he had to safely manipulate if he ever hoped to get them to their destination in one piece.

Looking slightly cross-eyed at Steve's cock, Bobby made yet another dive to the bottom of the stiff hard-on. Each bounce of his mouth took him from Steve's balls to the very top of the cock where pre-seminal juices were leaking. His jaws ached from strain, but not to the point where it detracted from the pleasure he was experiencing by successfully giving head to this huge cock. Hell, there were some guys who really didn't get off on eating cock, but Bobby had never been one of them. Bobby had always been able to get off by sucking cock. Sometimes he actually managed to cream his own jeans by just sucking up the explosions offered by some stud's erupting sexual cream. He was excited enough now to blow, for that matter. He was getting those telltale signals that told him his nuts were so full of cum, it wouldn't take too much to send that cum flying up his cock and spurting out into the crotch of his pants.

"Eat it... eat it," Steve said, his voice a low mumble. He finally had to admit that, no matter what the danger, he wanted the pleasure to continue. Oh, God, but the pleasure was good!

Bobby decided that the moment was simply too pleasurable to waste it on the mere chance that he would come up with a climax to match the one Steve would soon be squirting. Still playing with Steve's nuts with his left hand, Bobby dropped his right hand to undo his own pants crotch. Not missing a bounce of his head, he freed his stiff cock and took hold of it. He began to pump.

With each rise and fall of Bobby's head over the cock, it was getting more and more pleasurable for Steve. Pleasure built on pleasure as the ecstasy of the moment spiraled higher and higher. Steve felt the throbbing of his heart

in his chest. He felt the warning constrictions of muscles throughout his body. He was wet beneath his arms, down the center of his muscled chest, along the crease of his ass.

His thighs flopped wider apart. His nut-sac was a compacted mass the size of a fist, gathered at the bottom of his cock. His nuts grew larger and larger as newly manufactured cum ballooned them toward the point of final bursting.

"My cum is boiling, you sexy stud," Steve said, feeling the growing surge of pleasure in his guts. "It's not going to be all that long before I'm going to feed you one hell of a mouthful."

Bobby was more than ready for that mouthful. He was ready and willing to take it. He wanted the hot sticky pulsings of Steve's rich cum on his tongue. He wanted the thick run of it down his throat and into his belly.

And, if the thrilling inside of him were any true indication of the things to come, his hand would have his cock squirting out steamy loads of cum to match those Steve's cock would soon be feeding to him.

He continued sucking. He continued beating off. He siphoned Steve's cock one more time into the depths of his throat. He intuitively sensed that he had almost gotten Steve to the brink of orgasm. That realization only spurred him on to even more frantic eating.

Steve was close, all right. His asscheeks were hard mounds, solid as stone. His abdominals formed ridges of taut muscle beneath his shirt. His ass was bouncing harder and faster against the car seat.

"Eat... my... hot... cock!" Steve said, his voice a command. The sudden throbbing of his cock inside Bobby's mouth told Steve that he was about to blow his wad. It wasn't going to be long now. Jesus, no, it was going to come any minute.

Bobby prepared for the gushing of Steve's cum in his throat. He took firm hold of Steve's balls with his left hand and squeezed hard.

"You fucking, cocksucking bastard, take it!" Steve said loudly. His hips thrust upward just as Bobby's mouth was zooming down to lock into place.

Steve's cock seemed to grow to twice its size, shuddering with the first hearty slugs of his cum into Bobby's sucking face.

"Ohhhhhhh, sweet... sweet Jesus!" Steve said, moaning. He put his foot on the car brake and pushed on the pedal. The car began a slow skid. "Take it, take it... fucking, take it!"

Bobby took it and kept on taking it for as long as it was willing to come. He swallowed wad after thick wad of the basting cream. There was so much of it, he was hard-pressed to take care of the total volume. Some of it actually backed up around Steve's plugging cock and overflowed into the pubic hair on Steve's lower belly.

"Aaagguughh!" Bobby said, his groan mingling with Steve's. Bobby's cock had been pumped finally to the point of its own explosion. While Steve's thick cream was still in the process of being jettisoned, Bobby's hot cum was letting go. The wet warmth webbed the young man's pumping fingers, flinging streamers of cum this way and that, some of which splattered the side of the car seat like spider webs.

The cum came to an eventual stop in the center of the road. Steve leaned back in his seat, breathing hard. His hands had gone white along his knuckles where he had been so forcefully gripping the steering wheel during his orgasm. He checked in front of the car and used the rear view mirror to check behind, making sure the car was momentarily safe where it had skidded to a stop.

"Goddamn!" he said finally, his voice so breathless he couldn't immediately come up with anything else to fit the bill.

Bobby sucked up the last of Steve's load. His hand was simultaneously milking his own prick to bring out the last of his tardy spunk. A long string of the stuff drooled from the small opening on the top of his cock and stretched all of the way to the floor before snapping.

Bobby came up for air. His mouth left behind it a cock that was slick with spit and sexual juices.

"Are we still alive?" he asked, coming back to a position on the seat. He was smiling as he licked away the last traces of Steve's cum from his lips.

"As good as that was, I'm sorry you had to waste your cum by blasting it into your fist," Steve said.

"There's plenty of cum where that load came from," Bobby said in promise.

He stuffed his cock back into his pants. "Don't worry. I'm saving you more than your share."

"You better be," Steve said, pushing his cock back into his pants and zipping up before putting the car back in gear for the continued ride up the mountain to the cabin. "You had just fucking well better be."

Bobby settled back, a smile on his face. He gave a sigh of satisfaction.

The car was beginning, once again, to drive uphill.

"I actually believe that will probably hold us over until we get to the cabin," Bobby said, his left hand rubbing the bulge of his cock. While his cock was softer after orgasm than it had been prior, it was still harder than flaccid. It wouldn't take all that long for him to get it standing tall once again.

"How far up the road is this cabin, do you know?" Steve asked, figuring he already knew the answer. He was right.

"Darold said a good couple of hours after the turnoff from the main road," Bobby said. "That makes it around another twenty minutes, right?"

"You say you've never been here?"

"Never. It belongs to the friend of a kid my brother met when Darold was going to the academy."

Like Steve, Bobby came from a family of policemen. His father was a highway patrolman, now retired. His brother was a highway patrolman, too.

Darold had met the kid whose friend owned the cabin when Darold had been attending the Police Academy. Having gotten a weekend off prior to his graduation, Darold had found the kid on a street corner, thinking he was a hustler. It had turned out the kid was after just what Darold had been after. That being good sex. The two had hit it off so well together they had gotten together several times over the years and corresponded regularly.

It was evident from even the first glimpse of the cabin that its outside rustic character had been achieved by an architect who had probably charged a bundle for the effect.

"My God!" Steve said, bringing the car to a stop and parking it. "I was expecting something put together with logs."

"My brother tends to attract a better class of people," Bobby said, opening the car door and getting out. "Come on, let's take a look."

Their initial survey of the place didn't get them much beyond the living room with its plush leather furniture and antlers almost completely filling one whole wall.

"The place has plenty of bathrooms, so we won't have to fight for toilet space," Bobby said. "And, speaking of toilets, I hope you'll excuse me while I go find one and fill it with piss."

"You have to piss, do you?" Steve asked, sitting in one of the chairs and leaning back. "You don't?"

"A little. Not too much, though."

"You must have cast-iron kidneys," Bobby said, deciding it probably wouldn't make any difference what door he took, since there were supposedly so many bathrooms.

"What if I didn't want you running off to waste your piss in the can?"

Steve asked.

"What exactly did you have in mind?" Bobby asked, quick on the uptake.

"Why don't you pull your cock out and bring it over here?" Steve said.

"I'll show you what I had in mind?"

"If it involves you, I can't imagine ever getting soft enough to piss,"

Bobby said. However, he was already undoing his pants fly. Then, as an apparent afterthought, he figured he might as well remove his pants completely. As a matter of fact, for what he and Steve had in mind for the weekend, there seemed no reason to wear clothes at all. He dropped to the floor and slipped off his shoes and socks, discarding them while Steve looked on. Smiling widely, he stood and dropped his pants and underpants.

"Doesn't look to me as if you could do any pissing through a cock that hard, even in the can," Steve said, admiring Bobby's hard-on. The stiff cock showed no indication at all that it had blasted less than an hour ago in the ear ride up the mountain.

"Thoughts of you are what are, king it so hard," Bobby said. Having stepped out of his pants and underpants, he began stripping off his shirt and undershirt. "Without you in the toilet with me, I think I might set enough stiffness out of it to release my water."

"I think, between us, we'll work out something a bit more satisfactory,"

Steve said. "It won't hurt to try, anyway, will it?"

He came up to sit on the front edge of his chair. As he did so, he let himself enjoy just the sensuous view of Bobby's emerging nakedness. Steve was really turned on by Bobby's hairy body. Oh, it wasn't exactly the same turn-on he had always gotten with Antony, but that didn't mean it wasn't intense in its own right. There was simply something as sexy as all hell about the way all that black hair grew on Bobby's chest, across his ridged abdominals, on his crotch, down his legs, up along the crease of his ass. There was

certainly no denying the excitement generated by Bobby's stiff cock, erected so that the top was thrust to complete visibility through the foreskin that had peeled back to let it through.

Below the erect cock hung the full bag of balls, the skin covered with black, wiry pubic hair.

"Come on over here," Steve said as soon as Bobby was completely naked. He adjusted his cock in his pants. It was hard again and swollen into the space really insufficient to contain it. His cock, though, wasn't his immediate concern. It was Bobby's big cock which was the prime focus of Steve's attention.

Bobby walked over to Steve. As he did so, his cock weaved back and forth in front of his hairy stomach. His balls slapped first against one thigh, then against the other. His cock leaked an oozing of pre-cum.

Steve reached out, wrapping his left hand around Bobby and clamping his fingers on the young man's asscheeks. He cupped his right hand under Bobby's hanging balls. Continuing upward, he took a firm grip on the cock. Milking his grip caused more pre-cum to leak free. Steve claimed some of it on the heel of his thumb and smeared it over the tip of the cock. He pulled the cock outward so his mouth could more easily get at it.

"Let's see what we can do about finding a nice warm place for that piss of yours," Steve said. "Feel free to let it come whenever you're ready."

He put his pursed lips to the cock, opened his mouth and swallowed. Once the cock was well on the way inside, he released his handhold on it. He ran his freed right hand to join his left on Bobby's solid ass. He sucked, his tongue washing. He tasted the flavor of stale cum that had lingered on the cock from the blast-off in the car.

He dropped his nose into the bush of Bobby's black pubic hair. His chin pressed in against the young man's balls. He relaxed his throat around the hardness filling it. He knew that if the cock stayed as hard as it was, there wouldn't soon be any piss coming from it at all.

Bobby, too, knew that it was going to be difficult to piss through his cock in its present condition of hardness. However, since he did have to pee, he told himself simply to relax and try and forget the pleasure of having Steve going down on him.

Steve was apparently quite willing to wait for what he wanted. He stayed, right where he was, seemingly content to remain indefinitely. Knowing that hearty wipings of his tongue, or contractions of his throat, would keep the cock teased to hardness, he refrained from doing either. After a few minutes, the cock actually did begin to soften. Not so much so that the cock could be considered soft even then, but it was soft enough so that Bobby might be able to start peeing. Once started, the liquid would most likely be allowed to continue to completion.

Bobby shut his eyes, concentrating on releasing the fluid in his bladder.

Finally, he actually felt his piss preparing to exit. He put his left hand on Steve's head to hold it in place.

"I think I may have something for you damn soon," Bobby said. In affirmation, a slow trickle began to run from his cock. Steve eagerly sucked it away, preparing to drink whatever more of the slightly salty liquid Bobby had for him.

Bobby rocked his pelvis even closer toward Steve's face. His piss was coming faster now, the trickle having swelled to a steady stream.

"Mmmmmmm," Steve said, humming in enjoyment of the fluid filling his mouth, swallowing it away, feeling it fill his mouth again. The piss, like everything about Bobby, tasted good. Steve found himself comparing this piss to Antony's piss, finding each drink had its own distinctive flavor, each deliciously enjoyable to take in its own right.

For Bobby, who, had actually very seldom squirted his piss into anyone's mouth, the experience was as sexy as all hell. Probably because Steve made it seem such a natural thing to do, not spilling even a drop of the yellow fluid draining into his mouth and throat.

When the piss was completely swallowed, Steve wasn't about to surrender the cock. Nor was Bobby about to jerk it free. Both were anxious for his cock to regain the hardness it had lost for pissing. To achieve that hardness again, Steve began an expert licking of the cock, combining that with his expert sucking. He bathed the cock in wet spit. He was pleased when the cock immediately hardened, stretching deeper and deeper down his throat. He tasted salty juices, knowing the new flavor was no longer that of piss but of pre-cum. Somewhere, just up the line a bit, there would be even more exotic tastes sprayed on his tongue in the form of juicy cum.

"Am I ever going to get enough of you?" Bobby asked, figuring he had the answer to his own question. Because, it was going to be damned hard to ever get enough of Steve Mellon. Bobby, who had found Antony one of the sexiest people he had ever seen, found Steve three times as sexy as that.

Maybe that was because Bobby had always had a thing for studly blonds.

And Steve was definitely a studly blond. Bobby would have been head over heels stuck on this handsome young man even without the additional bonus offered by Steve's good foot of hard cock.

Bobby was exceptionally excited by being naked here and now, completely stripped while Steve was completely clothed. He was even more excited in knowing he had just filled this young man with his piss and would soon be following with heavy slugs of creamy cum. Nor was there any denying the fact that Steve being a near graduate of the Police Academy had quite a bit to do with the degree of pleasure to be had from the moment. Two potential cops making out together was the thing of which sexual fantasies were made. Bobby suddenly wished Steve were in uniform, the brim of his hat scraping Bobby's belly while hungry mouth dropped further and further toward balls full of sticky cum.

Bobby put his hands in Steve's blond hair. He didn't guide the beginning bounce of Steve's head. Rather, he just left his hands resting there, gently combing the short blond strands with his fingers. Looking down, he could see as well as feel the silkiness of that blond hair. He could also see his cock sliding in and out of Steve's eating face.

Steve had his own view of Bobby's cock, a really close-up view, too. His own cock was still painfully erect in his pants, leaking juices there.

The crotch of his undershorts was thoroughly soaked.

His mouth and throat had adjusted to the thickness and length of Bobby's cock. Each bounce took him from the top of the cock to its bottom. His jaws ached, but only slightly, as a result of his sliding mouthful. The cock seemed exceptionally bulky because of the additional layer of skin offered by the unclipped foreskin. Steve liked the way his sucking moved that excess skin up and down along the more solid inner core of the cock.

"Do you know how hot you're getting me, sucker?" Bobby asked.

His hips had taken on a fucking motion to coincide with Steve's sucking bounce. His nut-sac had been pulled upward to form a compact ball at the bottom of his cock. His asscheeks dimpled deeply each time his cock buried inside of Steve's throat. His abdominals were scalloped ridges, his pectorals hard mounds of hairy flesh and muscle.

"You get me hot... hotter... hottest. You get me climbing these Goddamned fucking walls, you sexy stud!"

Steve could tell by the feel of Bobby's cock in his mouth that the young man was on the verge of coming. His intuitive suspicions were only reinforced by the way Bobby's asscheeks were going harder and harder against Steve's gripping fingertips. Bobby's heartbeat could actually be detected by Steve's lips pressed against the veins that ran the length of the cock. Steve prepared for that moment when Bobby, right on the brink of orgasm, would automatically shove Steve's face over the complete cock.

As expected, the moment wasn't long in coming.

"Take it!" Bobby said, his voice a low, long moan. His cum came blasting free. It was thick and sticky. There was so much of it even Steve could be surprised by the volume of the deluge.

Steve held tightly to Bobby's spasming body. His fingers dug into the young man's muscled ass. His throat swallowed each new blast of ejaculated cum, making room for any healthy slug that followed.

Steve couldn't help wondering where Antony was at that moment, and wondering what his friend was doing while Steve had his face burrowed into the crotch of the stud Antony had lined him up with before leaving the academy.

CHAPTER FIVE

Antony figured that Myron Franklin had to have been mistaken. Myron was a driver for the Wells Trucking Company which was owned by Antony's father.

Myron was also gay. He had sucked Antony's cock on more than one summer vacation when Antony had worked in the office, and Myron had brought in a load or showed up to take one out. Myron's hairy ass, revealed one hot afternoon in the company restroom, had been the first one Antony had ever fucked outside his immediate family, and fucking it had only reaffirmed to him that he was hung up on gay sex.

Myron, upon hearing that Antony had been assigned a load of refrigerators for Seattle, Washington, had showed up on the scene to give the younger man the benefit of expertise gotten from long years on the road. He had first found out whether Antony was still into the bondage and discipline scene, suspecting and getting an affirmative answer. Myron, after all, had allowed Antony to take whip and cock to his ass enough times to know what answer to expect. He had then helped Antony equip his truck with the equipment Antony could be expected to need in his stopover on the highway.

However, having now arrived at a rest area, Antony found it a little hard to believe that there was any chance of the kind of action Myron had insinuated. The place actually looked as if Antony's rig was the first one that had pulled in there in ages. Oh, the grounds seemed in manicured condition. The restroom facilities were clean, filled with enough paper towels, soap, and toilet paper to indicate the place wasn't overlooked by the state crews who took care of such things. But the place was completely deserted. Besides there being no other rigs pulled up in the large, asphalt parking lot, there were no cars, either. For all the sex he was likely to experience in the deserted locale, he could just as well have jerked off out on the highway.

Still, he rationalized that he couldn't be expected to luck out all of the time. In the final analysis, he had had some good times this trip in places Myron

hadn't even mentioned. He had picked up an appreciative hitchhiker on a lonely stretch of road in Arizona. The kid had obliged by sucking off Antony's cock while they were barreling down the freeway. He had been invited by blinking car headlights to an orgy with four jocks from the University of California. They had all seemed unable to get enough of Antony's hot mouth, tight asshole, and big cock. He had fist-fucked a fellow trucker in a truck stop outside of Medford, Oregon. The guy's asshole had still been surprisingly tight when Antony had blasted his wad into it. So, if this spot was dead, well, that was the breaks. So far, Antony didn't really have any reason to complain. His nuts had been kept pretty well drained at fairly regular intervals.

He took advantage of the restroom facilities to piss and shave. He also gave himself a sponge bath and changed clothes. He checked his watch, thinking he would wait a little while longer, considering the lateness of the hour.

Antony left the restroom and saw a patrol car. His cock gave an immediate jerk in his pants. The highway patrolman was out of his car, arms folded across his chest, leaning against the front fender. He looked exceptionally handsome in the glare of the shocking yellowish orange neon lights that outlined the parking area.

Antony told himself to be cool. Just because a cop had stopped didn't mean that the policeman was one of the game players Myron had insisted took every advantage of this particular spot along this particular stretch of highway.

"Heading north?" the policeman asked when Antony had gotten close enough to hear him. Antony told himself he was probably imagining it when he saw the cop gaze at the bulge of Antony's cock.

"Yea," Antony answered. "Got some refrigerators for a wholesaler in Seattle."

"You hear about this rest area, or just grab it at random?" the cop asked. Which Antony thought a strange question, unless the cop were asking whether or not Antony belonged to the special fraternity who specifically stopped off here for more than a mere piss and a wash.

"A friend told me about it," Antony said. His cock was so swollen it had expanded to a position more than a little cramped. Antony would have shifted it to a more comfortable position, but he wasn't confident enough yet, in the present situation, to come on any stronger. Although, he had to admit, he would have liked coming on strong as all hell if there was any chance whatsoever the cop was ready and willing.

The highway patrolman was a stud from the word go. He had dark black hair underneath his hat, black eyes, a square chin with a cleft dead center.

He reminded Antony of Bobby Westfield back at the academy. Where was it Bobby had said he was from? Or, had he even said?

"Tell me about your friend," the cop said. "The one who told you to pick this particular rest area to pull off at."

"Name of Myron Franklin."

"He the same guy who told you to write WHiPs in the dust on the back of your trailer?"

Antony's cock gave a responding jerk and leaked juice into the cupping sock of the jockstrap he was wearing. It had, after all, been Myron who had scraped WHiPs in the mud smeared across the back of the trailer.

"It'll label you as one of the special boys," Myron had said, "once you hit Washington. It's a kind of acronym for Washington Highway Patrol. Of course, it also tells you right off what one little fraternity of cops is turned on by, doesn't it?"

"Yea, Myron wrote that himself," Antony said, wondering what it really meant to this particular policeman.

"You know what it stands for?" the cop asked. "Sure," Antony said. He was beginning to get real hot, and not just because of the balmy temperature.

The cop, after all, was one studly hunk. The body beneath the crisp uniform was obviously well constructed. And, if Antony was correct, without

resulting to staring, there was a sizable bulge at the policeman's crotch. "Do you?"

"My name is Darold," the cop said, extending his hand. Antony took it, feeling the firm grip of large fingers wrapping him.

"Antony," Antony said, returning the handshake, feeling the excitement that was rushing through his body. He hadn't been this turned on by the hitchhiker in Arizona, or by the jocks from the University of California, or by the trucker he had fist-fucked out of Medford. He hadn't been this turned on since getting fucked by Steve in the restroom of the Police Academy.

"You come equipped for fun and games?" Darold asked, watching to be sure that Antony really did know what was coming off here. It paid to be careful. Antony certainly did come with the right credentials. Darold was well acquainted with the reputation of Myron Franklin. And, the WHiPs scrawled on the back of the trailer was definitely the right password.

But Darold had never seen Antony before now. The stud seemed almost too good to be true. And, there was always the possibility that this was some kind of entrapment. Although, Darold figured he had enough contacts in the department to know whether or not there was going to be some kind of clampdown.

"I haven't got anything too extensive," Antony said. He still couldn't help wondering if the two of them were talking about one and the same thing. It really seemed fantastic, if true. Oh, he knew what Myron had told him. However, finding not only a cop, but a cop as hunky as Darold was, one who was actually interested in gay sex, well, that did seem almost unbelievable.

"Myron put in what he thought might hold me over."

"Why don't we take a look?" Darold said in suggestion. He actually liked Antony's looks enough so that he would have been willing to take the kid on for just plain old-fashioned sex. There was, on the other hand, something about the bondage and discipline scene which, for Darold, had always added an extra spice to any gay sex.

Antony opened the back, of the trailer and crawled up. Darold followed with a dexterity and fluidity of motion that more than indicated he was in top physical form.

"It's up front," Antony said, fishing for the battery-powered lantern sequestered off to one side.

"Lead the way," Darold said, feeling a little more confident that Antony was really aware of the scene.

Antony threaded his way through the maze offered by stacked refrigerator crates, pausing when he felt the definite touch of Darold brushing up behind him. There was no mistaking the evidence of the hard cock pressed up against Antony's ass.

The feel of that cock became more evident with Antony stopped completely, Darold continuing to press in even closer.

"You know the score, don't you, kid?" Darold asked, his face up so close behind Antony he could feel the cop's hot breath on his neck.

"I know the score all right," Antony said. "The question is, do you?"

"Reach a hand back here and tell me if this feels like anything a dumb-cluck cop would be hauling around with him."

Holding the lantern in his left hand, Antony reached back with his right.

Darold took Antony's hand and guided it to the huge cock the cop had released from the confinement of his pants. Antony's fingers greedily closed around the cock as soon as they made contact.

"You surely know what that is, stud, don't you?" Darold asked.

"Feels like a fucking log," Antony said, his fingers taking every advantage offered them to explore the smoothly solid bulk of Darold's impressive hard-on.

"It's for fucking all right," Darold said with a chuckle. "A log, however, it isn't."

"They sure as hell don't make cock that big, do they?" Antony asked appreciatively, able to tell just by the feel that the cock was hard, bulky, and uncut.

"Who the hell are you kidding?" Darold asked, his right hand swinging around Antony to form a fan over the bulge the youth's cock was making in the crotch of his faded jeans. "I could tell just by looking that you had a cock equal to mine. And, by the feel of it now, I was right, wasn't I?"

The two remained right where they were while Darold opened Antony's pants and went fishing for Antony's hard cock. After he succeeded in prying the swollen cock free, they stayed where they were for a few moments longer, feeling each other out.

"Nice, nice, nice," Darold said, his hand gliding down Antony's cock to the youth's balls. "Very nice. However, if we don't get a move on, you're going to have me raping your ass right here and now." He reluctantly turned loose of the cock which, once released, came slapping back hard against Antony's stomach. Pre-cum splattered against the leather of the trucker's belt.

Antony was even more reluctant to turn loose of his handhold. There was something sensuously enjoyable in feeling Darold's cock before seeing it.

There was admittedly something exceptionally erotic about even the cop's playful threat to rape Antony right then and there. How often, in the past, had Antony fantasized getting raped by a policeman while being fucked, in reality, by someone else? He and Steve used to indulge in such game playing all of the time.

Antony finished leading the way through the labyrinth of crates, coming out finally into that space which had purposely been left at the upper end of the trailer. He located several other battery powered lanterns positioned to give light to the area. He turned them all on. When he turned back to Darold, the policeman was examining Myron Franklin's handiwork.

What Myron had set up for Antony in the small space available was a black room in miniature. There certainly weren't all the accouterments possible, but, as Myron had told Antony, there were certainly the basics necessary for the makings of a satisfactory bondage and discipline session. Manacles hung suspended from chains bolted to the roof. Leg manacles were bolted to chains anchored to the floor. Varying lengths of rope were stashed in cubbyholes off to one side, as well as several whips and a riding crop. There was a selection of handcuffs, cockrings, gags, and masks. A pole suspended between the walls at one corner held a small assortment of costumes: a leather vest, leather chaps, a leather jacket, a Marine military uniform. Below the clothes there was a pair of cowboy boots, work boots, and a yellow hard hat.

While Darold was busy examining the setup, Antony examined Darold.

Mainly, he was examining Darold's cock which, along with a pair of big balls, was still pulled free of the uniform fly. As Antony had determined earlier, feeling the cop's cock, he could now visually affirm that it was a big one. Thick at the bottom, the cock tapered upward and then ballooned out into the large head. Circumcised, the cock was a smooth and powerful weapon. It made Antony's asshole ache with the mere anticipation of getting fucked by it. He had no difficulty imagining just how much cum was stored in those big accompanying balls, cum just waiting to be squirted up his butt.

"I think I'd like to see you as a cowboy," Darold said. He had been sorting through the clothes on the hangers. "Think you might humor me a bit by changing into chaps, vest, and cowboy boots? Not that humping with a truck driver isn't a turn-on in itself. It's just that the cowboy fantasy always has held a special fascination for me."

"You want a cowboy, partner, and a cowboy you'll get," Antony said. He squatted to begin undoing the laces on his boots. His cock was upright at his crotch. It was still drooling.

Darold took down the cowboy gear. Holding it, he leaned against one of the crates and watched Antony strip down. He was obviously enjoying the show.

"You been through here before?" Darold asked. Using his right hand, he fisted his cock and languidly stroked it. He caught leaked pre-cum juice on his thumb and smeared it along the pulpy top of his cock.

"Nope," Antony said. His boots were off. So were his socks. He came to his feet and began dropping his pants and jockstrap.

"I'm glad this is your first time through here," Darold said. He pulled his hand away from his cock. Antony was so sexy, it would have been too easy for Darold to play himself into an acute state of excitement. He didn't want to even chance any premature ejaculations. Especially not this time around. He liked this stud. He really did like him. The hardness of his cock, the violent churning of his cum in his balls, told him just how much he liked him.

"I'd hate to think I'd missed out on you before now," he said, tossing Antony the leather chaps.

Antony slipped the chaps on. They left his cock and ass bare. He took off his shirt and undershirt. He took the vest from Darold and put it on.

Darold, meanwhile, was getting the boots.

"You look damned good as a cowboy or a truck driver," Darold said. "But then, I imagine you'd look damned good as anything. Right?"

"Flattery will get you everything," Antony said, leaning against a crate while pulling on his boots.

"I hope so," Darold said. He smiled. He had a row of white teeth set in an exceptionally tanned and handsome face. He took off his hat and tossed it to one side. He hooked his thumbs in his belt, his large hands angled downward to parenthesize his upjutting cock.

"You'll find I'm extremely versatile," Antony said. Although, he couldn't help remembering how excited he had gotten by even the mere suggestion of rape by this young and hung policeman.

"That makes two of us," Darold said. "So, why don't you tell me what it is that turns you on the most?"

"I wouldn't mind getting fucked in the ass by that big cock of yours,"

Antony said. "Unless, of course, you had your heart set on being bottom man."

"I'll play top," Darold said. "This time, that is. I certainly won't guarantee playing top all of the time, though. My asshole, too, can get all excited by a big cock, you know? And, you and I both know you've got one hell of a big cock, right?"

"If you think you're going to bear any argument to my eventually fucking your asshole, you're mistaken," Antony said.

"Good!" Darold said. "Now, all we have to decide is how far we can go on this first session. I'd like to chain you up to fuck you, but..." He shrugged. "I'm not expecting miracles of trust this first time out.

Right? I mean, you don't really know if you can trust me in the role of a complete master, do you?"

"You want to chain me up to fuck me, I'll go for that," Antony said. "If you can't trust a policeman, in this day and age, then who can you trust?"

"You won't be sorry," Darold said. "I promise."

"I hope not," Antony said. "I don't really meet too many people I feel safe with right off."

"God, you do turn me on, you sexy bastard!" Darold said. His cock oozed another hearty gushing of pre-cum. The sticky liquid began a slow drool down the length of his upjutting cock.

"Need I tell you the feeling is mutual?" Antony asked, knowing that he didn't need to say anything. He fisted his cock, drawing Darold's attention to it. Which was unnecessary as all hell, under the circumstances. Darold was already acutely aware of Antony's big cock.

Aside from fucking Antony's asshole, Darold could think of nothing he would rather do than ride Antony's hard cock.

"Something tells me you and I were made for each other," Darold said.

"We're going to have, a good time, stud. We're going to have a very, very good time."

Antony walked over to the manacles that dangled from the chains bolted to the roof. He fixed one wrist into one of the manacles and snapped the metal binding shut. Without hesitation, he clamped his other wrist into place, putting himself completely at the mercy of the studly cop. With the final snapping of the metal, making himself helpless to whatever the upcoming assault, Antony experienced an enticing sense of fear coupled with excitement.

Actually, this was the first time he had ever willingly played bottom man to someone he had just met. Always, in the past, it had been with someone he had known for a fact he could trust: his father, Myron Franklin, Steve. What, though, did he know of this young highway patrolman, except for the fact that he was a cop and Antony's best sexual fantasies had always revolved around policemen? Had he let his common sense be overridden by his sudden desire to somehow combine reality with fantasy?

Darold was more than pleased that Antony had so willingly submitted. It was always exciting to know that another man was prepared to surrender himself into Darold's keeping. This young man being so exceptionally attractive only increased Darold's excitement. There was no doubting that Antony was turned on to the scene, either. His giant cock, swollen and jutting out from his lower belly was testament enough to that fact.

Darold moved in closer. He put one hand on Antony's back, the other hand on Antony's chest. He glided his hands down Antony's body, one hand finally coming to rest on the youth's hard ass, the other coming to rest on the young trucker's balls.

Suddenly, the one hand left the ass, swung out and swung back to collide with the flesh of the buttocks with a sound that resembled that of a rifle

shot. The struck skin twitched visibly, a red hand mark immediately beginning to blush to the surface.

On the tail of that first slap, Darold delivered a second. This one landed on the cheek opposite the one which had already grown pink beneath the force of the first blow. There was another resulting crack in the stillness, this one accompanied by a low groan delivered by Antony.

"I'm just letting your ass know I'm coming," Darold said. "And, one lovely ass it is, too."

Antony felt the stings of even more blows, his buttocks twitching and growing warm beneath the beating. While there was pain delivered with each contacting blow, that pain came with a pleasure all of its own. That existing pleasure oozed into Antony's flesh and muscle, right along with the warmth caused by the hearty slaps.

Darold moved more directly, behind Antony's hanging body. He placed one large hand on each of the asscheeks and squeezed. He began to roughly knead the ass as if it were made of raw dough. The muscle he worked was unyielding at first, hardly pliable beneath the series of skillful squeezings. Finally, though, the ass began to relax, the underlying muscle beginning to become more and more malleable.

Darold dropped to a squat for a more perfect view of Antony's ass. Close as he now was, he could more clearly see just how the asscheeks had blushed scarlet in the light of the lanterns. He could literally feel some of the heat emanating from Antony's whipped butt. That heat made him exceptionally aware of the closeness of the youth's body to his own. As Darold continued to work the young trucker's ass, his biceps and triceps peaked and relaxed with each squeeze of Darold's thick fingers on the muscled surface. With each second his hands worked the asscheeks, Darold became aware of the need building inside of him to come to his feet, put his cock on target, and jam his thick cock up this vulnerable asshole. He pushed the asscheeks open, locating the asshole and turning on to the mere sight of it resting within a trailing of brown pubic hair.

Darold brought his head in even closer to Antony's ass. His nose found the asshole before his mouth did. He sniffed in the heady muskiness of the young male asshole. He moved his nose up the crease away from the hole, putting his mouth into place as he did so. He licked, finding that many of the smells so recently claimed by his nose were now converted into tastes on his tongue. He rolled his tongue, putting its moist tip to the pucker. He pushed his tongue in beyond the protecting sphincter. The flavors beyond the winked circle were even more delicious than those which had been found on the outside. He ejected a mass of saliva through the tunnel of his rolled tongue. His spit wet the asshole as deeply as his tongue penetrated. Darold was preparing this asshole for the cock his spiraling needs were demanding that he soon feed it.

"Oh, fucking, Jesus, yes," Antony said, his voice a low moan. He was really enjoying this unexpected treat of having his asshole fucked with a cop's tongue prior to getting fucked by a cop's big cock. He swung his ass, back to grind it hard against Darold's eating face. He jiggled on his chains in order to work the tongue even more freely inside of his body.

When his tongue finally did come free, Darold immediately replaced it with the middle finger of his right hand. He pushed his finger deep up the asshole, letting it ride on the spit which had been so recently deposited there through the funnel of his tongue. He stabbed his finger deep enough to find Antony's prostate and twist against it.

"Ooohhhuhgh!" Antony said in response. His cock jerked as a direct result of the prostatic massage. His cock leaked another gushing of pre-seminal liquid that clung to the cock and began a slow drool down it toward Antony's balls.

His right middle finger fucking the trucker's asshole, Darold's left hand glided around Antony's hung body and found the boy's balls. Darold's fingers took hold and squeezed, massaging the balls within their contracting sac.

"My God, my God!" Antony said, then groaned a combination of pleasure and pain. The pleasure was derived from Darold's finger fucking his asshole and massaging his prostate. His pain was derived from the molestation of

his two giant balls. Antony's arms began to ache. That pain, too, added to his spiraling pleasure. So far, he had no regrets whatsoever for having so easily allowed himself to be strung up and put at the mercy of this studly young highway patrolman.

Darold released Antony's scrotum. The skin of the sac immediately contracted to a mass the size of a wrinkled grapefruit. His finger popped free, too.

Darold stood up. He spit saliva into the palms of both hands and smeared the resulting mess over the length of his hard cock. He milked his cock for additional lubricant, adding it to the juices slicking his cock.

He knew he should have probably beat the ass a bit more. He suspected he should have worked the asshole a bit more with his tongue or his finger.

There was a whole program of things he might have done, except that his growing inner need was insisting that he get on with the serious business of fucking.

Standing behind Antony, Darold found that he was almost perfectly aligned for the fuck he had in mind. He stepped in closer, nudging his pelvis forward while pulling his cock down into position. He jabbed Antony's pucker with the top of his cock. He felt the anal lips yawn open as a result. He kit the hugging of the asshole gliding open around his entering cock, that entrance aided by a sudden backward bucking of Antony's lower body.

His cock partially screwed up the ass, Darold put a hand to each of Antony's hipbones. Holding for balance, he thrust his cock hard and fast up Antony's asshole. His lower belly smacked hard against Antony's asscheeks, adding more redness to the pink already there.

"Fuck me!" Antony said, his voice command. He wanted to be fucked by this sexy policeman! Jesus, did he want to feel the screwing of this cop's cock fucking inside him!

Darold was more than willing, more than capable of fulfilling Antony's wishes and fantasies. He ground his flat and muscled belly into the trucker's

asscheeks. His pubic hair scratched the muscled buns while his cock stirred deeper yet up the gripping asshole. Continuing to hold to Antony's hipbones, Darold pulled his cock partially out. When only the head of it remained enlodged within the butt, he pushed it home again.

Once again, his belly slapped loudly against Antony's fucked butt.

"Oh, Jesus, fucking... fucking Jesus," Antony said, feeling one of Darold's hearty fuck strokes quickly followed by another, then another, then another.

Goddamn, but Darold was turned on by fucking this trucker in cowboy chaps, vest, and boots. He was turned on by the way this young man moaned and groaned as Darold's cock worked deep inside of him. He was turned on by the fact that Antony was basically helpless to whatever Darold wanted to do to him.

Darold certainly wasn't going to quit fucking now that he had begun.

Hell, no. With each pump of this tight asshole, there was more pleasure to be had. And, by God, Darold was determined to have at it! He continued with the screw, quickly carried away by the unexpected intensity of the moment. His cock pulled almost free of the asshole, then it jammed right back in to bit Antony's prostate sad twist against it. The cop's contracting scrotum continued to slap against Antony's sweaty asscheeks.

His pubic hair mingled often with those dark strands of hair running up the crease of the young trucker's butt.

Darold always derived immense pleasure from fucking a completely helpless man. His pleasure was increased now because this young man was so exceptionally attractive. There was a definite eroticism to the sense of power being experienced by the young policeman in his dominant position over this obviously vital man, ecstasy of a special kind to be known only in being master to another's role of slave. Darold was in control here.

His word was law. His needs were paramount.

Whether Darold was the one officially in control or not, Antony certainly wasn't suffering from any of the brutal jabs of the cock back and forth inside of him. Antony was enjoying to his fullest. He was riding on a sexual high. He was thrust to new heights of pleasure every time he reminded himself that this was really a cop fucking his asshole. This wasn't just fantasy. This was the real thing, the genuine cock of a young policeman that would soon be spurting policeman's spunk deep up his spasming asshole.

"Rape me!" Antony said, calling forth another aspect of his previous fantasies. Always, in the past, it had been an additional turn-on to imagine that the cop was taking him without his consent. This present scenario, him strung from the chains, him helpless, certainly added itself to the illusion of rape. "Rape the fucking shit out of me!"

"Want raped, do you, cowboy, trucker, stud?" Darold asked, his voice breathless. He was quite willing to go on with Antony's latest twist in the game plan. Because, if Antony was excited by the idea of rape, Darold was even more excited by the fantasy of fucking this particular asshole without Antony's consent. "I'll rape your asshole, you studly bastard!"

"I'll rape it... rape it... rape it... until you're begging this cop to rape it all the more."

"Jesus, yes!" Antony said, punctuating with a low, long growl. His sounds were an additional turn-on to Darold whose hips seemed suddenly to be pumping out of control.

Yes, Darold would rape Antony's tight ass. He would rape it, screw it, fuck it until the climatic moment when erupting gobs of sticky cum blasted hot and furious up the asshole.

His hips fucked his cock even faster. His cock sped up the sucking asshole, drew out to almost complete exit, pushing back in again. Out...

in out. Faster... faster... faster.

"Fucking criminal!" Darold said in accusation, now pretending that he had picked up some punk trucker in the process of committing a crime and was

teaching the bastard a Goddamned lesson he wasn't going to soon forget.

"Rape... rape... Jesus, rape!" Antony said. It wasn't any complaint as to what was happening to him. It was an invitation for Darold, cop, policeman, stud, to keep right on with what he was doing. Because, Antony was really flying high. He hadn't flown quite this high in a very, very long time.

He strained against the manacles holding his wrists. The pain derived from the chafing, the additional pain caused by the weight of his body hanging, only added to Antony's increasing pleasure. His cock, untouched, weaved in front of his belly with each push and pull of that hard cock up his asshole. His cock was soaked with juices that continued to ooze from the small slit in its tip. His balls, primed by the spiraling ecstasy, were pulled by his contracted nut-sac to a position so close to his belly that they seemed almost to have disappeared.

"I'm going to cum, you raping bastard!" Antony said, actually surprised by his own announcement. It was very seldom indeed that he ever got off his rocks without anyone or anything first taking hold of his cock and stroking it. With Darold's fucking cock up his asshole, though, he was apparently on the verge of blasting his wad with just the feel of that hard cock screwing up his butt.

"You Goddamned, fucking rapist. I'm going to... Jesus, going to blast my... Oooohhhhh I'm going to blast my load, you Goddamned rapist!"

"You are making me cream... Jesus!"

The sudden sock of Darold's cock up Antony's asshole, the resulting collision of that entering cock with the young trucker's prostrate, caused Antony's cock to let go its creamy load. Hot gobs of warm, wet cum squirted from his cock, spraying up and out to splatter the metal of the truck trailer.

Darold left his cock inserted to its limits, twisting it even more firmly into place. He was caught up in the spasming contractions of the bowel around his cock. It was suddenly as if he had his cock thrust full length into a tube set to vibrating by an electric motor.

He ran his arms upward around Antony's sweaty chest. His fingers found the young trucker's hard nipples and pinched them hard.

"Aaaaagghhhh... aaaggghhhhhh!" Antony yelled, his voice a ragged cry of pleasure enhanced by the pain of Darold's tweaking fingertips.

Darold dropped his right hand to Antony's cock, his fingers webbing with the messy juices still being spewed from Antony's erupting cock. He took the goo and spread it downward over Antony's pulsing cock, his hand corkscrewing around the orgasming hard-on.

"Sweet... Jesus... God!" Antony said, groaning loudly at the result of the assault on his sensitive cock and the continued molestation of his left nipple.

It had taken Darold a little longer than Antony to get his rocks off, but his moment had come. He wasn't a superman, after all. In fact, he was frankly surprised that he had managed to hold off quite as long as he had. Because, from the very start, he hadn't been able to deny that he was turned on by this studly young trucker. He was turned on by having Antony decked out in cowboy gear. He was turned on by having Antony hung from chains and at his mercy. He was turned on by the fantasy of raping this hunky stud's spuming asshole.

"You're going to get my cream, bastard." Darold said in forewarning. "You are going to get so much of my cum pumped up your butt, you're liable to balloon up and pop as a result of it. Because I... Jesus, I have a load for you that is... oh, sweet God! I'm fucking coming up your raped asshole!"

"Yes yes, yes," Antony said, his voice a chant in reply. At the moment there wasn't much else he could say. He was too caught up in the ecstasy of the fuck. His own climax pretty much over, he was still alive with the pleasure and the pain of cock exploding up his butt, hand beating his cock, fingers violently twisting his taut nipple.

Both of Darold's asscheeks dimpled as he pound his cock ever so tightly up Antony's butt. It was difficult to distinguish between the pubic hair on the

policeman's crotch and those running the crease of the young trucker's butt, so sufficiently were they entwined.

"Take it, take it, take it!" Darold said in command, his soupy streamers of cum basting Antony's asshole. The gooey mess clogged the tightly gripping hole and quickly flooded back over the plugging cock. The cock was soon cocooned in its own slippery sex juices that began leaking from the ovaled pucker of the butt. "Take my load of stud, cop cum up your raped cowboy trucker asshole!"

The chains rattled above them as Darold's guts exploded in tempo to the creamy slugs of cum exiting his pulsing cock up Antony's ravaged butt.

The crotch of Darold's police uniform was damp from the sweat picked up during the continued banging of Antony's ass. Perspiration was beginning to stain the middle of his shirt back, beneath his arms, and between his pectorals.

Darold closed his eyes, arched back his neck, and groaned loudly. The tendons in his neck stood out in high relief.

When it was over for the both of them, as far as the amount of cum to be blasted at that moment, it wasn't the end as far as sex was concerned.

Because both were young enough, virile enough, excited enough by the circumstances so that one orgasm wasn't nearly enough to make either of their cocks collapse. In fact, the cock Darold held tightly in his sticky hand, and the cock he kept pushed up Antony's tight asshole, seemed hardly to have lost any stiffness at all.

"I'm going to rape your ass again, you, sexy bastard!" Darold said, slipping his cock out and immediately pushing it back to a depth that had his balls mashing against the asscrack. "And, you're more than up to a second raping by this studly cop, aren't you, slave?"

"Rape me!" Antony said in affirmation. He revolved his ass back against Darold's crotch, the movement fucking his cock in the policeman's fisted hand. "Rape me... rape me... Jesus, rape me!"

Darold was only too happy to oblige.

CHAPTER SIX

"Come on," Bobby said. He was leaning against the kitchen table. He was stark naked. His cock having already received quite a workout during the couple of hours since they had arrived at the cabin, looked even larger than normal in its flaccid state. He finished off the beer he was drinking and put the empty can on the edge of the sink.

"Let's check out the basement."

"Basement?" Steve asked, shutting the refrigerator door. He was naked, too. He'd gotten them both a fresh beer. He tossed Bobby a can.

"Yea, my brother said I was to be sure to check out the basement," Bobby said, pulling the tab on the top of the can and taking a deep swig of cold beer through the resulting hole.

"You sure he said to check the basement?" Steve asked. He couldn't imagine what there could possibly be of interest down there. Rather than conduct any further explorations, Steve thought he actually would have preferred retiring to one of the bedrooms they had already located. Those big beds seemed just the thing for Steve to go belly down on while Bobby climbed on top and stuck his cock up Steve's butt.

"It'll only take a couple of minutes," Bobby said. "We can check it out while we're finishing off our beers. We've already seen the rest of the cabin, and Darold said the basement was possibly the most interesting spot of all."

"I've seen a lot of basements in my time," Steve said. He had his beer can open and had just taken a long swallow. He wiped the suds off his mouth with the back of his hand. "None of them, as I recall, were anything to write home about."

"Well, we won't know about this one until we take a look, will we?" Bobby said. He opened what he figured was the door to the basement, finding he had revealed a closet.

"If first you don't succeed..." Steve said and laughed. He chose the door nearest to him and opened it. It was the right door.

"Some people do have all the luck," Bobby said, seeing the basement stairs.

"After you," Steve said, switching on the light and waving Bobby through.

He followed behind. "Now, that is exciting," he said, pausing at the entrance to the first room they came to, a laundry room with washing machine and drier.

"My brother hasn't steered me wrong too many times," Bobby said, checking a few more rooms while Steve trailed behind.

"I think he might have given you a bum steer this time," Steve said. He leaned against the hall wall and took another drink of his beer. He dropped his left hand to his cock, fondling. The thickening response of his cock told him that he was ready for sex again, upstairs on one of those large, soft...

"Ah, ha!" Bobby exclaimed. He had just opened the last door, the one at the end of the hallway. "Get your sexy ass over here and feast your eyes on this."

"Jesus H. Christ!" Steve said, taking a look. "Is that what it seems to be?"

"What would you say it seems to be?"

"You tell me."

The revealed room looked very much as if it was meant for another world, certainly from a time period other than the twentieth century. The dim lighting, tinted a dull red, only added to the confusion. It was the furnishings, however, that really set the place apart. The space resembled a medieval torture chamber, complete with rack along the far wall. The walls were all veneered with a rough, stony surface that had the outward appearance of being damp. The floor, too, was of the same stone, slightly bumpy to walk on. The ceiling was crisscrossed with large wooden beams, many of which acted as anchors for pulley mechanisms that could control a

whole series of contraptions. There were two separate stocks, representative of the kind used in the colonial settlements.

There were two workbenches, each equipped with chains and manacles for wrist and ankle binding. A wide ledge along one wall was filled with an organized clutter of whips, pinchers, tongs, thumb screws, cockrings, dildos, brands, handcuffs.

"This is fantastic!" Steve said. He had heard of rooms like this one, even though he had never actually seen one before this. Not that he hadn't wanted to see one. Seeing it now made his cock swell toward stiffness with a swiftness that already had it standing tall.

"You've got a hard cock," Bobby said, nodding toward Steve's crotch.

"Is that the pot calling the kettle black?" Steve asked and then laughed.

Bobby's cock, after all, was as hard as Steve's. By the look of both hard-ons, as a matter of fact, a casual observer wouldn't have been able to tell that these two studs had already gotten off more than once since arriving at the cabin.

"Well, what do you say?" Bobby asked. "Does any of this interest you?"

"You mean this," Steve said, fisting his cock and milking it for pre-cum,

"doesn't already indicate just how interested I am?"

"Then, I guess this," Bobby said, fisting his own cock, "is as good an indication as any of my own interest, huh?"

They moved deeper into the room. By shutting the door behind them, they entered into the world conjured by the atmosphere of the room. Naked as the young men were, having brought only beer cans with them as part of the world outside the room, it was an excitingly eerie sensation that took hold of them. It was a feeling made even more intense when they deposited the cans in a container for garbage they found just inside the door.

"Your brother and his friend into this scene?" Steve asked, stretching an arm upward to swing a pair of chrome manacles hanging from chrome chains.

"My brother is versatile," Bobby said. He turned toward Steve and flashed a wide smile. "Actually, my whole family is versatile. You should see Dad's collection of whips. Although, he admittedly doesn't use them as much as Darold and I do."

"Sounds like one hell of an exceptional family," Steve said, and he wasn't being funny. He only wished his father would have been a little more understanding. Sergeant Timothy Mellon, however, would have been deeply shocked by even the suspicion that his son's cock was now hard because of being naked with another man's cock in a mock-up dungeon.

"You'd like them," Bobby said. "We'll have to do something about you meeting them."

"You said they were in Washington State?"

"That's the one."

"Funny, but I never really took Washington State as being all that swinging a place."

"Oh, there are pockets of fun-loving people to be found everywhere, even in Washington. You just have to have an in to them. You might think seriously of getting on with the Washington Highway Patrol, unless you have your heart set on New Mexico. Darold says there's a few openings coming up, and he's got the connections to get us both assigned."

"Maybe I will think about it," Steve said. Actually, he figured there might be certain advantages to starting out in a state away from his father's realm of influence. If the action was going on in Washington that Bobby hinted, that was certainly an extra incentive to pull Steve in that direction.

"Until then, though, I think we might find something here to keep us amused, yes?"

"I think maybe we might," Bobby said in ready agreement. A contraction of his groin muscles brought his cock back to slap hard against his ridged abdominals. Pre-cum formed a starburst around his belly button, clear drops catching in the hair on his stomach.

"You think I could trust you with me all trussed up like a Christmas turkey?" Steve asked, getting all excited by just the idea of being at Bobby's mercy. Actually, he had no qualms whatsoever about the idea. When you went through the rugged training with the guys at the academy you soon were able to judge those who could be trusted and those who were probably unable to maintain their cool in certain situations. Steve had come to trust Bobby implicitly.

"Just one minute, buddy," Bobby said, sitting up on one of the workbenches, this one with a thickly padded surface. "What makes you think you're going to have the fun of being trussed up like a Christmas turkey, huh? You are looking at a dude here who gets horny as hell just thinking how much fun there could be had in dangling from one of these sets of chains while your cock attacked my asshole from the rear."

"I could suggest we flip a coin, but I don't see as where either of us has any pocket full of change handy."

"Well, I suppose, it's not really as if we were so pressed for time that we won't have time to change off, is it?" Bobby said, his right hand fondling his balls.

"Which means..."

"Chose your apparatus," Bobby said, "and I'll gladly lock you up and take advantage of your hunky body."

Steve glanced around the room. There was certainly no denying he had quite a selection from which to choose. Actually, he was tempted to let Bobby lock his neck and wrists into one of the stocks, letting Bobby's big cock fuck him dog style. On the other hand, the comfort of the padded workbench seemed about as close to the comfort of the beds upstairs that the bedroom had to offer.

"How about sliding your ass off that workbench and letting me lie down on it?" Steve asked in suggestion.

"You're not going to get any argument from me," Bobby said, coming to his feet. "I'll be more than happy to let you stretch out and get comfortable."

The padded workbench was large, a good twelve feet in length and six feet across. When Steve crawled up on it and centered himself, there was plenty of padded surface surrounding him.

Bobby, meanwhile, went about checking out the chain and manacle systems available for attaching any slave to the workbench. There was a wide selection, with several intricate combination possibilities. He detached a manacle from far up along the right side of the bench, yanking out the chain to the point where Steve's wrist could be locked inside the metal bracelet. He got a manacle and chain from the left side of the bench, securing Steve's other wrist.

Bobby's cock gave a resulting jerk and leaked more juice. There was no denying that Steve's naked and vulnerable body was something to really set Bobby's juices to flowing. The general decor and atmosphere of the room undeniably contributed to his swelling excitement.

Steve, his wrists locked into place, and expecting Bobby to soon affix his ankles to other manacles nearer the bottom of the bench, was in a spread eagled position. By standing at the bottom of the bench, looking up toward Steve's splayed legs, Bobby got an enticing view of Steve's large balls. The scrotum stretched all the way down to the padded surface. As Bobby watched, he saw his balls begin to contract upward. As they did so, they allowed the hairy crack of Steve's ass to come in view.

Bobby's cock leaked, and the young man licked his lips in anticipation of what was forthcoming.

"I want a better look at your ass, slave," Bobby said. His balls were rolling in their sac, his black pubic hair moving on shifting skin like buoys on ocean waves.

"Why don't you toss your legs back over your head so I can give your asscheeks a couple good whacks with my hand? Who knows, maybe I'll even be tempted to whip your fucker with my snaky tongue."

"Christ, I hope I'm limber enough for any such contortions," Steve said.

He knew, though, that he probably was. The extensive physical regimen at the academy had him in the best shape he had ever enjoyed, including during the time he had spent on the athletic field in high school.

"Come on, stud, I'll give you a hand," Bobby said, giving support when Steve lifted his legs in preparation for dropping them to that section of the workbench beyond his head.

Bobby watched Steve's balls shift as the firm ass came free of the padding and Steve's legs came nearer and nearer their final resting.

"Easy," Steve said, Bobby's hands guiding a bit faster than Steve's back was able to relax for the bending. "I'd hate to have my spine crack."

Bobby, though, was anxious as all hell to get Steve into position. The lifting of Steve's legs over his head had fully revealed the winked pucker of the asshole. Blond hair ran the crease of the ass, crowing even more profusely on Steve's scrotum. His belly, around the bottom of his stiff cock, was bushed with even more curly blond hair.

"Think you can hold that position?" Bobby asked. Without waiting for a reply, he squatted down to retrieve another set of manacles with which to secure Steve's legs into place.

"I might be able to manage it," Steve said. As he had suspected, his body, in excellent condition, was easily adjusting to the stretching along his spine and along the backs of his thighs.

Steve had little complaint, as far as his view was concerned. He had always had this thing for his own cock, anyway, ever since, at a very early age, he had discovered his cock was big enough, and he was limber enough, to suck himself off. In fact, his own cock had been the very first one he had ever

sucked, the extreme pleasure from such having given him his earliest clue that he would welcome someone else's hot mouth doing likewise.

His balls were now drooped toward his face, but they weren't dropped far enough so that the hair furring them could tickle Steve's nose or his forehead. He could see his own asshole and the hair surrounding it. Hair ran both ways along his asscrack.

Bobby had gotten the ankle manacles up on the workbench and had proceeded to attach each to Steve's ankles.

"Are you beginning to feel like that trussed turkey, stud?" Bobby asked, knowing he was going to eat out Steve's asshole before he ever got around to fucking it. That winked pucker just looked too inviting to pass up.

"Why don't you reach over here and pull my cock into place so I can suck on it while you're screwing around?" Steve said in suggestion.

"Don't be in such a hurry, stud," Bobby said. "When have I ever thought only of myself in a session? Now that you're so helpless, I promise not to be inconsiderate, either."

"You're all heart," Steve said, knowing that he wasn't apt to come away from this wanting. Right now, he was so turned on, he would probably come the moment his cock got to his mouth, anyway. Bobby was probably smart to hold him off for a little while. Every moment of sexual buildup was going to make the final orgasm all that much better.

Steve's spine had relaxed to the point where his knees had come to a rest on the padding to either side of his head. His cock was certainly long enough so that he could have wrapped his hungry mouth around it. However, its angle of erection, having its head now aimed into one crease formed by Steve's curved belly, would have necessitated pulling it out to slip it between Steve's lips.

Bobby ran one hand along the curve of Steve's upturned butt, lifted that hand, slapped Bobby's asscheeks.

"Ugh!" Steve grunted in response, actually enjoying the immediate warmth that flooded into his asscheeks and made his cock go even harder. A new gushing of pre-cum filled his navel and overflowed it.

Bobby was going to follow quickly with a second slap, but a glance at the equipment found him thinking he was missing out on an ideal opportunity offered by the black room. He left the workbench and strolled over to the shelf skirting one wall. He sorted through a variety of whips, finally selecting a cat-o'-nine-tails, gripping his small handle. He came back to the bench, standing a little ways off to one side.

Steve, his head turned in that direction, saw what Bobby had in mind. He wasn't overly concerned, knowing intuitively that Bobby would know what was acceptable and what went too far. Besides, there was no denying the thrilling that went through Steve at the sight of those knotted leather thongs dangling from the short handle.

"I've decided not to risk bruising my hand when this will do the job so much better," Bobby said.

"Don't whip my ass with that, master," Steve said, although he and Bobby both knew that his protest was merely part of the game the two were then playing. That game being one of slave and master.

"Sure, I'm going to whip your ass, slave," Bobby said. "Then, when your asscheeks are all red and hot, I might cool them off for you by wetting them down with my spit, just before I fuck your tight asshole."

"Please, master, don't... aaaagghhhunggggh," Steve said, his ending groan caused by the landing of all nine thongs of the whip on his asscheeks.

When the thongs slipped away, each left behind it a red stripe.

Bobby didn't wait for Steve to give any further protest, real or feigned.

He brought the whip down again, then again. Steve's asscheeks became striated with narrow welts.

Both cocks, stiff at the beginning of the beating, were even more solid now. Bath cocks were wet with pre-seminal drool, although most of Steve's juices were forced to leak from his downward aiming cock to pool on the young man's muscled belly.

After a couple more whip strokes, Bobby let the cat-o-nine-tails drop to the floor. He walked over to the head of the bench and climbed on board.

He knelt so that Steve's knees, and head were in between his knees. His ass was poised directly over Steve's face. When he put his hands on Steve's ass, yanking open the buns, it seemed just right for his eating.

Steve's asscheeks were hot from the whipping.

Bobby sat his ass on top of the backs of Steve's calves. He ground his ass deeper yet, angling his ass closer and closer to Steve's awaiting face. Steve didn't waste the opportunity afforded him, either. He stuck out his tongue, found Bobby's asshole and licked its pucker.

"Yes, Goddamned it, yes," Bobby said, grinding his ass deeper. At the same time, he was scooting forward, his tongue beginning to wipe Steve's ass. "Your tongue is put to far better use licking my butt than in wrapping your cock."

He pursed his lips, sucked them right over Steve's asshole. His fingers dug into Steve's asscheeks while his tongue dug up the asshole. The asshole tasted good, just as Bobby knew it would. Skillfully, he worked to clean away all of those delicious tastes. At the same instance, he wiggled his ass deeper over Steve's face and licking tongue, giving Steve ready access to those flavors clinging to Bobby's asshole.

Finally, though, even the strongest of the tastes on both assholes were neutralized in wet spit. Those tastes already sampled, however, had done their job, acting as aphrodisiacs as they had dissolved on slippery tongues. Both studs were climbing the walls.

Bobby lifted his ass from Steve's face, his asshole slipping free of Steve's curled tongue. Steve, looking up, had a good view of Bobby's dropped balls

as well as an asscrack made slippery with Steve's spit.

Steve tugged on the manacles holding him, the chafing metal an irritation that merely added to his pleasure. He watched, flooded with more pleasure, as Bobby pulled his cock down to form a bridge between his hard belly and Steve's asshole. The cock touched Steve's hanging balls. It left trail of wet on the scrotum as Bobby guided it upward into the hairy crease of Steve's ass. Milking his cock, Bobby added pre-cum to the spit.

"I'm going to fuck you, slave," Bobby said. "I've got that asshole of yours all juiced up for the screw. And, as bound up as you are, stud, there's not one damned thing you can do to stop me. That is, if you did want to stop me. Which you don't, do you, slave? Because, you're where you are now because you want, this tight slave ass of yours fucked by this master's stiff cock of mine, don't you? Tell me, slave. Come on, tell me that it's true."

He moved the top of his cock gently against the pucker. He used the thumb and fingers of his left hand to more completely keep the asscheeks from collapsing in over the asshole.

"Tell me, slave. I want to hear you tell me how badly you want it."

"I want it," Steve said. "Jesus, I do want it."

"Yea," Bobby said, milking his cock for more pre-cum which he then pooled on the pucker. "I know you want it. I know I'm going to give it to you."

First, I'm going to give you something else I know you've been anxious to have."

He trailed his left hand from the ass, down Steve's scrotum. He took hold of Steve's cock and pried it out from the position it had assumed, jabbed into Steve's curved belly. He repositioned the cock so that Steve's mouth could take charge. Steve didn't miss out on the opportunity Bobby was giving him, either. He opened his mouth wide while Bobby's hand fucked the cock into place. Steve then closed his lips around the top of his cock and sucked

on it. His taste buds were immediately flooded with the tastes of his young male body in heat.

"Big-cocked bastard!" Bobby said in appreciation of Steve's ability to suck his own cock. Despite the largeness and length of Bobby's cock, he had never been able to suck it. All he could ever really accomplish by throwing his legs over his head, or by burying his head over his crotch, was a few hearty licks of the top of his cock. Steve would be able to swallow his cock almost to the bottom before this fuck was over.

"You do love to fuck your huge cock up your mouth, don't you?" Bobby asked.

"Mmmmmmmmmmm," Steve said, the vibrations from his sounds causing pleasure to ooze into his cock and then into his belly. While welcoming the chance to wrap his rubbery lips around his cock, he knew he had to be careful. It would, after all, have been very easy for him to quickly eat himself to an orgasm. And, while he did want an orgasm, he would have preferred it coming exactly when Bobby's did. There was, most likely, nothing that could match the blasting of his wad up his throat at the moment Bobby was busy blasting hot, sticky turn up his asshole.

Bobby wasn't going to be able to keep his cock out of Steve's asshole much longer, either. He was lucky he had been able to hold off this long.

Seeing Steve now, sucking the end of his own cock, Bobby was even more anxious to plow his cock up Steve's asshole. There was little point in his holding off. In fact, there was everything to be said for his getting on with it. Bobby was well aware, as was Steve, that the present sucking on Steve's cock was apt to get big nuts to popping pretty damned fast.

After all, if you don't best know how to suck off your own cock, then who in the hell did?

Bobby edged his hips forward. The tip of his cock, poised at the pucker, slipped inward between the sphincter, disappearing inside.

"Yea, here it comes," Bobby said. "Hard cock. One hell of a hard cock, too, sticking up your tight asshole."

"Aaaaagggghh... ugh," Steve said, grunting around his cock. His nutsac was contracted enough so that he could see Bobby's cock shoving into place.

"I'm fucking slave ass, slave," Bobby said, inserting his cock deeper.

"This master's cock is fucking slave's asshole."

He leaned forward, his belly and chest following the curve of Steve's spine. He put his hands down on the padded surface, his hips moving closer to Steve's ass and sinking his cock deeper up the asshole.

Steve grunted uncontrollably as the entering cock struck his prostate, glanced off it, and proceeded ever further up his hole. Even as he groaned, he was tasting those juices resulting from the attack on his prostate. The liquid was slightly oily, slightly salty, and good tasting.

Steve had an uninterrupted view of the cock burying up his butt, seeing the final squashing of Bobby's scrotum against his asscrack.

The weight of Bobby's fucking body, placed as it was over Steve, caused the bottom man's body to bend even further. Steve's cock fucked even deeper into his mouth. The top of it hit Steve's palate, leaving a slick of wet as it glided into the opening of his throat.

"Ugh!" Steve said, grunting again as a corkscrewing of Bobby's cock milked prostate for more tasty liquids to stain Steve's tongue.

"Delicious slave's butt wrapped tightly around master's cock," Bobby said, enjoying the spasmodic contractions of Steve's asshole around his hard-on. His cock was firmly entrenched. His balls lay along the crease of Steve's fucked ass.

Steve swallowed more of his cock. His nut-sac wrinkled and contracted further, pulling balls heavy with cum to a position even closer to Steve's

hairy lower belly. His cheeks concaved with his sucking. His tongue whipped his cock while Bobby's cock began fucking in earnest.

Bobby's hips pulled, drawing his cock almost, but not quite, out of Steve's asshole. He pushed his cock back into place, then pulled it out again.

"Eat your fucking cock," Bobby said, luxuriating in the pleasure flooding through his groin and flooding his guts. "Give yourself juicy head while I fuck your tight, slave asshole."

Each time Bobby's cock was thrust in to its balls, Steve's cock went deeper into the sucking mouth.

Steve's spine reined even more to drop the cock further into the hungry mouth and throat. Before long, Steve's nose, was actually pushing into his compacted nut-sac. He was smelling a decided animal smell emanating from his groin -- an enticing combination of male sweat and male sex.

Bobby's fucking motions actually caused an in and out motion of Steve's cock in his mouth. With each downward thrust of Bobby's hips, his weight dropped Steve's cock into his mouth. However, when Bobby raised up, removing the weight, Steve's body unwound much like a spring relieved of some tension. As a result, Steve's cock slid out of his mouth, then in.

Though, each time the cock jabbed in, it remained buried further than it had the last time.

Steve's asscheeks, which had been so thoroughly heated by the whipping of the cat-o-nine-tails, went even warmer beneath the staccato beating of Bobby's fuckin belly.

"Love it, don't you, slave bastard?" Bobby asked. His upper body was supported on his stiff arms, since he had assumed a modified push-up position. His cock fucked inward and downward, leaking juices to make the asshole a smooth slideway.

Steve mumbled something in reply. His mouth was really too plugged with his cock to allow his coming up with anything that was decipherable. His

nut-sac had gathered into a thick ball at the bottom of his cock. His tongue was twirling around his cock, beating it as certainly as the cat-o-nine-tails had beaten his ass.

Feeling he had more mobility when just on his knees, Bobby pushed himself back into that position. Reaching forward, he hooked his hands beneath the curve of Steve's body, taking hold the young man's hipbones for support. His fucking moved into even higher gear.

Both young men had turned glossy with sweat. The sheen of their perspiration, seen in the red light of the room, made their tanned flesh look wry much like bronze brought very near the melting point. The two cut a decidedly erotic picture, the eroticism increased even more by their surroundings.

"Oh, I'm going to fuck you silly!" Bobby said, his hips swinging back and forth... back and forth. The slaps of belly against ass were loud in the room.

The forceful whacks of Bobby's slapping belly pressed Steve into an even deeper curl. His lips were now so far near the bottom of his cock that, as his cock was worked in and out, they were continually tickled by his blonde pubic hair. His ecstasy swelled toward overflowing as he watched his cock tick his mouth and Bobby's cock fuck his asshole.

"Ohhhhhhhh, you sexy, sexy bastard!" Bobby said, his body thrust to the brink of orgasm. His fucking moved into higher gear. His fingers clamped harder on Steve's hipbones.

"I'm going to fill your slave ass with gallons of own. With gallons and gallons of sticky, juicy, thick, master cum!"

"Yesssssss!" Steve said, his voice coming out mere mumbling around his plugging cock. "Fuck me. Fuck me. Jesus, yes, fuck me!"

Steve fucked all right. At that point, there was very little else he could do. His fuck strokes were now being controlled by primitive centers inside of him. Those centers were demanding an orgasm from him. They wouldn't be satisfied with anything else.

"God... God... Jesus, God!" Bobby said. He arched his neck back, slamming his hips forward to bury his cock all of the way to his balls. He left his cock there, screwing it into place. The screwing moved Steve's cock in the mouth.

"I'm going to come, you slave, bastard!" Bobby said. "I'm going to fill your asshole with a flooding of juicy, juicy... oh, my God, I'm going to... Christ, Jesus Christ! I'm fucking cooommmmming! AAAAGGGHHHH! Take it, Jesus, take it!"

His sweaty belly ground into Steve's sweaty ass. His cock seemed to swell to twice its size inside the asshole. It pulsed, those pulses finally succeeding in blasting out great streamers of thick, creamy cum that quickly flooded Steve's asshole.

"Jesus, Jesus, Jesus," Bobby said, his voice a chanting that kept time with the throbbing gushes of his cum up Steve's asshole.

"Aaaannhhh!" Steve groaned loud and low. The flooding of Bobby's hot cum against his prostate was the trigger needed to set off Steve's own orgasm. His jaws were forced further apart by the sudden expansion of his cock. He consciously prepared himself for the deluge, not wanting to drown in the ocean of his own cum. He strained against the manacles holding his ankles and wrists, thinking maybe that the resulting pain of the chafing might keep him from losing all control of his senses. The pain as usual, though, only thrust his ecstasy to even greater heights.

Steve's cock blasted. It sent its wads of cum rushing into his mouth and throat. He automatically swallowed. His cheeks ballooned with the excessive deluge of cum, threatening to overflow some of the jizz out between his cock and his pursed lips. Steve, though, wasn't prepared to surrender any cum unless he absolutely had to do so. He swallowed again and again and again. He kept right on swallowing for as long as his cock was prepared to feed his deliciously thick juices into his face.

"Take it... take it!" Bobby said in command. His cock was still blasting.

It had been coaxed into more explosive eruptions of cum by the spasming contractions of Steve's asshole, contractions caused by the onset of Steve's orgasm.

The two young men were completely lost in their world of pleasure.

Everything about the reality was lost, except their swelling ecstasy. The moment of mutual orgasm, while not lasting all that long, seemed somehow to stretch toward eternity. What's more, they both wanted it to go on and on and on.

When the moment did pass, leaving them both exhausted, Bobby slowly pulled his cock out of the asshole. It brought with it a mess of cooling cum that beaded on Steve's pucker once the cock was completely withdrawn.

Without the cock buried in his butt, Steve felt as if a piece of his own body had just been surgically removed. He groaned in disappointment once the cock was gone.

"What in the hell am I going to do when we graduate the academy, and you head off to Washington State?" Steve asked once he had worked his cock out of his mouth so he could be understood. Having lost Antony so recently, he now hardly thought it fair that he was going to have to lose Bobby, too.

"I have all intentions of making sure you come to Washington with me,"

Bobby said, delivering a hard slap to Steve's asscheeks that sent loud sounds echoing in the room.

CHAPTER SEVEN

It was moments like this that made Steve glad he had accepted Bobby's offer to become a member of that group within the Washington Highway Patrol whose nickname of WHiPs went far beyond the clever acronym.

There was certainly no denying that Bobby and Darold Westfield made an attractive pair. They were both dark, with black hair, black eyes, square jawlines, cleft chins, exceptional physiques with hairy chests and bellies, and with giant cocks. While Darold was the older, the main difference noticeable between the brothers was the fact that Darold was circumcised.

The three were naked, except for motorcycle boots and black leather jackets. They were in the garage of Darold's house. Darold's motorcycle was propped in a special stand that kept its front and rear wheels anchored so that the machine wouldn't tip over.

"You can't believe how glad I am that Bobby brought you back from the academy, Steve," Darold said. His cock, like the other two in the room, was rock-hard. It was jutting straight up from his hairy balls, its top pulling back to strike his navel whenever Darold contracted his groin muscles.

"Our little group was getting a bit low on talent since Taylor headed for California and Dudley headed for New York."

"I'm happy as hell to be here," Steve said. He only wished he would have been able to reach Antony to let him know of his decision. Antony, though, hadn't been available. He'd been off somewhere on a truck run.

Since Antony had left the academy, Steve hadn't seen or communicated with him. Probably because neither Antony nor Steve was much for writing.

Besides that, Antony probably had decided it was better to get on with his life, not relying on Steve's cock to be available for fun and games.

"So, what exactly do you have in mind for fun and games, big brother?"

Bobby asked. His left hand was at his crotch, his fingers fondling his hairy balls. He was in a room with two studs who could really get his juices boiling. As a matter of fact, he would have been hard-pressed to decide which of the hunky men in the room turned him on more. Because, if Bobby had this thing for studly blonds, which Steve was, there had always been a certain exciting something about making it with his own brother.

"A little something with the motorcycle, naturally," Darold said. He had unofficially been put in charge of the session. "For starters, I was thinking of my getting fucked by your buddy here while I suck off your big cock. You think the both of you are up to something like that?"

"What do you think?" Bobby asked, flashing a wide grin. His left hand was still at his balls. The thumb and index finger of his right hand were pinching his right nipple. The nipple had gone taut, its center jutting outward between his tweaking fingertips.

"Steve, you game?" Steve was more than game, as his hearty hard-on very well indicated. He couldn't believe that he had lucked out by not only entering the profession he had always wanted, but managing to locate a small group of men who were interested in the same kind of sexual fun and games as he was. God, he was glad his father hadn't put up a fuss when Steve had told him he was going to sign on with the Washington Highway Patrol instead of with the highway patrol in New Mexico. Hell, maybe his father knew, as much as Antony had known, that the time for severing umbilical cords had come.

Damn, but it was hard not think about Antony. Especially here and now.

Antony would have really been turned on by all of this. Where was that hunky bastard? Screwing or getting screwed by whom in what part of the country?

Darold had moved over to his motorcycle and had straddled it. His bare ass stuck to the lather of the seat. His balls, held in his hairy scrotum, mushroomed on the leather between his legs. He leaned forward, stretching toward the handlebars, turning his ass up in the direction of the backrest.

"Come and get it, studs," Darold said. "It is yours for the taking."

"Okay, you sexy bastard," Bobby said, hitting Steve on the ass and recalling visions of their session in the black room of the cabin.

"Let's go see if we can't give my jaded brother a run for his money."

"Jaded, my ass," Darold said from his position on the motorcycle. "You think this hard cock of mine is this way because I can't get turned on by just the thought of taking on you two? Hell, the day I'm jaded is the day they can drop me in the wooden box, nail the lid shut, and lower me into the ground."

"There's a can of Crisco over there on the shelf on the wall, Steve,"

Bobby said, pointing. "Unless my brother has gotten his asshole stretched out of shape since the last time I fucked it, you're going to need all of the lubricant you can get to slip his small hole around that monster cock of yours."

"Amen," Darold said, wiggling his ass in invitation. His hard cock was smashed between his belly and the seat of the motorcycle. It was drooling a sticky, translucent slime that was turning the black leather even blacker.

"And, brother stud, you had better lubricate that mouth of yours with spit," Bobby said. "Because, you're going to have to open real wide to get your studly brother's cock rammed to his balls up your sucking face."

"Just get that cock of yours over here," Darold said. "We'll see if I've lost my touch."

Bobby walked over to the motorcycle. Darold came momentarily to a sitting position to allow Bobby to straddle the motor of the cycle, facing in Darold's direction. Bobby's heavy balls pooled atop the metal. His cock, impressively erect, went even harder as he sat firmly over the machine.

"Now, let me at that monster cock of yours," Darold said. He once again leaned forward. He and Bobby adjusted their positions to better

accommodate both of them. Bobby leaned back so that his outstretched arms could loop over the handlebars to give him even more support.

Darold didn't immediately go diving for his brother's cock. Instead, he stuck out his tongue licking Bobby's chest, actually nibbling at his brother's stiff nipples. Finally, though, the temptation offered by the cock was just too great for him to resist any longer. Gliding the top of his head downward along his brother's hairy chest, Darold opened his mouth over the head of Bobby's cock and sucked up the first half before coming to a pause.

"You cocksucking bastard!" Bobby said. The sudden pleasure from his brother's mouth on his cock caused him to rear his hips upward in an attempt to bury even more of his cock into the sucking warmth.

Darold though, made somewhat of an expert on his brother's reactions from past sessions, merely rode upward on Bobby's sudden bucking, refusing to take all of the cock before he was damned good and ready to take it. Not that he was planning to wait all night before continuing his ride clown Bobby's cock, because he wasn't. In fact, as soon as Bobby's butt had settled back on the chopper, Darold quickly buried his head to suck up the last inches of cock Bobby had remaining.

"Sweet Jesus!" Bobby said, thrilled by the pleasure he was experiencing.

But, then, it had always surprised him, as far back as the very first time, as to just how much he enjoyed sex with his brother.

"You've got me ready to come already."

Darold certainly hoped Bobby was exaggerating. As pleasurable as Darold's mouth might be, this wasn't the first time it had gone down over this giant cock. Bobby, therefore, was certainly just a little more prepared for controlling his pleasure than, say, Steve would have been.

Steve's pleasure was on the incline from just watching what was happening there in the garage. There was something sexy as all hell about the way the two brothers looked, the one's cock fucked deep up the other's face.

Steve had found the open can of Crisco. He transferred a gob of the shortening to his hard cock and, using his fingers, smeared it to a slick, transparent veneer.

"Grease it up good!" Bobby said. Although he had recovered sufficiently enough to recognize what Steve was doing, his voice was still a little distorted by the pleasure.

"Then walk that big cock of yours over here and thrust it up my sexy brother's hairy ass."

Steve consciously had to will himself to combat his own swelling ecstasy.

Hell, he was actually on the verge of creaming from just fondling his cock and watching Darold's lips burrowing into the black bush of pubic hair that circled the bottom of Bobby's fat cock.

"Get your big cock over here!" Bobby said, his voice even more breathless than before. But, then, Darold was gliding his mouth upward along the cock. When Darold's mouth almost reached the top, he lowered his face right back down to his brother's lower belly. Bobby groaned, then said to Steve, "You don't want us creaming without you, do you?"

Steve went over to the motorcycle and climbed on behind Darold. He shivered slightly. Not from any chill but from the sensuous sight there before him. Darold's ass was covered with black hair that grew even thicker along its crack. The wide sweep of Darold's muscled back, lost beneath the leather of his jacket, ended at a head already into a rhythmic bounce over Bobby's hard cock.

Bobby's chest, seen through the flaps of his open jacket, was already going taut from the pleasure. His nipples were so stiff they resembled bronze tacks.

"Fuck my brother's tight asshole, while I fuck his handsome face!" Bobby said in command, his back leaned up against the handlebars. He was made excited by the cock, covered with Crisco, that was jutting up between

Steve's thighs. Jesus, but Bobby could be turned on by all those hard, hard inches of blond erection.

Steve extended both of his hands. He cupped Darold's slim waist. He slid his fingers lower, detecting the sensuous flow of the stud's naked hips.

He exploringly touched the smooth warmth of the curving asscheeks.

Steve scooted in even closer to the target area, knowing that Bobby was watching. He used his left hand to bring into better viewing the pucker of Darold's asshole. The hole was surrounded by a halo of black hair, it looked almost too small to take Steve's cock. It looked even smaller when Steve pulled his cock down to mate the top of it to the pucker.

"Stick him!" Bobby said, having seen that Steve had his cock right on target. "Skewer his asshole and make him squeal like a stuck pig!"

Steve nudged forward just far enough so that his cock was sufficiently jabbed against the concaved pucker so that the cock wouldn't go springing back to attention when he turned loose of it. Maintaining the necessary pressure to keep his cock bridging the gap between his belly and Darold's ass, Steve put his hands to Darold's hips. In a combination of push and pull he jabbed his cock deep up Darold's asshole.

"Aaanngghhh!" Darold moaned in response, his sounds vibrating along the total length of his brother's cock and doing maddening things to it.

"That's the way," Bobby said, wanting to encourage Steve to quickly bury the rest of the cock up Darold's butt. Bobby, after all, knew his brother's groans of pleasure when he heard them.

"Give the bastard the rest of your big cock. Now... fucking Jesus...

now!"

Steve obliged. He bucked his hips again, sliding his bare ass over the leather of the motorcycle seat, streaking the leather with more sweat. He used his bold on Darold's hips to pull ass over his entering cock.

Darold's pucker was forced wider, rolling down the cock to finally oval amid the blond pubic hair that sprouted in such profusion on Steve's lower belly.

Darold's asshole was so tight around the cock fucking it that Steve's face was contorted in a combination of pleasure and pain. The cock was up the asshole as far as it could possibly shove. Steve's nuts were mashed along the asscrack, his blond hair mingling with Darold's black.

"Ahhhh, ahhhh!" Darold gasped, gargling his pleasure over the mouthful given him by his brother's cock. He was certainly having a good time.

There was nothing he would have rather done than suck his brother's cock and get his ass stuffed with the cock of a blond stud like Steve Mellon.

Because, if Bobby was turned on by hunky blonds, it ran in the family.

Steve had already proved himself a valuable addition to the WHiPs special fraternity, too. As soon as Darold got to know him a bit better, there were all sorts of things the three of them could do in the basement of Darold's house. Hell, maybe they could even bring the old man over for some fun and games. Granted, the old boy was getting up in age, but he still wasn't one to turn down the chance to take on someone as studly as Steve. Besides...

"Aaaagggghhhhhhh!" Darold said, groaning helplessly as Steve pulled his cock out to its tip and then rammed it into place again. His ass was slapped by Steve's hard belly, the reverberations traveling through all three locked bodies.

"That's it... that's it," Bobby said by way of further encouragement. His cock was really getting worked over by the steady up and down bobbing of his brother's head.

Despite all of the pleasure Darold was feeling, he hadn't forgotten to maintain the steady sucking cadence of his mouth and throat over his brother's cock. His silky black hair bounced on his head as he sucked up

and down Bobby's stiff cock, simultaneously getting stiff cock pumped inside his clutching asshole.

"Ohhhhhhh, you two sexy bastards," Bobby said. His back securely wedged between the handlebars, he put both of his hands on top of his brother's head, forcing Darold's sucking into a slower cadence. At the rate Darold had been going, Bobby figured his brother would have his nuts sucked dry in no time. While Bobby had no objections to blasting into Darold's face, he preferred feeding his brother from the one end while Steve's ejaculating cock was feeding Darold hot cum from the other end.

Between his grinding hard belly and the padded leather of the seat, Darold's stiff cock was being masturbated with each ensuing whack of Steve's hard belly against fucked ass. Darold's cock was leaking pre-cum on the leather like sixty. His nutsac was contracting, pulling upward into a compact mass of flesh against his hard-on.

The garage was filled with the sounds of their fucking. There were grunts of satisfaction. There was the steady slap of Steve's belly against Darold's ass. There was the wet sound of Darold's sucking, echoed by the fucking of Steve's cock in an asshole wet with the natural, lubricant leaked freely from the pumping cock.

Darold growled low and loud as a result of another assault of hard cock on his prostate.

"Jesus... Jesus!" Bobby said, his voice high pitched. His body jerked in his sudden swelling of ecstasy. His thighs clamped the motorcycle as if it were a bucking bronco, he the cowboy riding it. His hands shoved his brother's face down over his crotch, holding it there. His ecstasy rushed forward swiftly, beating even Steve to the punch.

"I'm cooommiing, you cocksucking bastards! I'm Jesus... Jesus...

cooommmmmiiiiing!"

Steve kept right on fucking. He couldn't have done anything else, even if he had wanted to. He had gone beyond the point where there was any stopping

him. Now that Bobby was coming, Steve didn't even want to hold out his own climax any longer.

"Take my turn, brother sucker!" Bobby said, following with a low, guttural groan. His cock was pumping wad after wad of steamy cum up his brother's sucking mouth and throat.

Darold kept sucking his brother's cock for dear life. He didn't want to lose any of the luscious spunk. He sucked, continued to suck, all of the time waiting for the first jolt of hot cum to shoot from Steve's cock up his butt. Darold knew, just by the way he was feeling inside, that experiencing the pleasure of getting cum from both ends would be all he would need to cum.

"Ugh, ugh... Jesus, I'm... oh, Jesus!" Steve panted as his cum broke free of his nuts and began the rush through his cock to flood Darold's asshole with cream.

"I'm cooommmiiiiing!" he said, although the announcement was unnecessary.

At least it was unnecessary as far as Darold was concerned.

Darold knew his asshole was getting pumped full of cum. There was simply no denying the quarts of cum being sprayed at that moment up his asshole.

As he had suspected, the cum jettisoning up bites, combined with the cum still heavy on his tongue, sent his guts into eruption. His cock, squashed between his belly and the leather seat, let loose.

Darold's groans mingled with those of his brother and Steve as hot cum continued to fill him from both ends. His own hot wads continued to spew, nearing his grinding cock and the black leather seat.

"Fuck my brother's ass?" Bobby said, his cum still flying. "Fuck my brother's mouth! Fuck him. Fuck him!"

The motorcycle rocked beneath their combined spurns, but it stayed upright with the help of its support. The bodies straddling the chopper had gone sweaty and momentarily exhausted. The trembling ceased finally, cum no

longer spurting but merely drooling from cocks that had gone a bit softer than they had been seconds before.

Darold pulled his mouth upward along his brother's cock, making sure he claimed the last of the cum that cock had to offer. Bobby's cock was still stiff enough to slap back against his hard belly with a loud sound when Darold released it.

"Now, that was one hell of a royal workout," Darold said, giving his brother a wide grin. Behind Darold, Steve was just beginning to regroup the energy necessary to begin pulling out of the recently fucked asshole.

Steve's cock came free of the butt, slicked with Crisco and spent cream.

When it was finally pulled completely out, there was an audible, wet plop. Steve's cock, like Bobby's and Darold's was still hard.

"How about a quick beer to refresh us during this temporary intermission?" Darold asked, coming to a sitting position. His belly was slick with the cum his cock had blasted in strings to cling and mash in his belly hair. His asshole leaked more of the cum Steve had just blasted up it. Darold felt he had so much cum up his butt, he was doubtful it would ever come out.

"I'll do the honors," Bobby said. He slid sideways off the motorcycle and headed for the refrigerator.

Darold got off the chopper, too. He stretched, reaching for the ceiling.

Several of his vertebrae cracked. He had cum leaking down the inside of both thighs.

Steve leaned back against the backrest of the motorcycle, feeling exceedingly sexy with his naked thighs gripping the chopper. He wondered why certain inanimate objects, like motorcycles, were sexy as all hell.

Bobby got three cans of beer and closed the refrigerator door. He brought one can over to Steve, then handed another one to his brother.

"So, what is that expression I see registered on my brother's handsome mug?" Bobby asked, opening his beer can and taking a swig.

"Contentment?"

"That, among other things," Darold said, mingling a mouthful of beer with those tastes of cum still lingering on his tongue and inner cheeks. He swallowed.

"Among what other things?"

"Actually, I was just hit by the idea that you and Steve might be interested in something I have scheduled up the road a couple of days from now."

"Like what?"

"A trucker friend of mine is heading back this way soon," Darold said.

"He's in to bondage and discipline in a low-key way. He's even got a setup of sorts in the trunk of his truck."

"Sounds interesting," Bobby said.

"Does it sound interesting to you, Steve?" Darold asked.

"I'm game for about anything," Steve said, drinking more of his beer.

"Well, before I share either of you with my studly young trucker, I want a bit more of you for myself," Darold said, raising his beer can and finishing off the remaining liquid in several long gulps.

"You undoubtedly have something specific in mind for the moment?" Bobby asked.

"I sure do." Darold said, putting his empty beer can off to one side and facing his brother. "How long has it been, Bobby, since you've had two giant cocks rammed up your asshole, one of them your brother's?"

"The other being Steve's, this time around?"

"Yep."

Bobby shivered in anticipation. His cock slapped back hard against his abdominals, splattering precum on his belly hair.

CHAPTER EIGHT

Antony heard the others in the truck trailer. He got a sensation of fear, not totally unpleasurable, that sped through his chained body. He would have asked Darold what in the hell was happening, but he had been gagged and hooded by Darold. He couldn't see a Goddamned thing. Whenever he tried to say anything, it came out an undecipherable mumble. He could hear, though. He knew for a fact that there were at least two other people present besides him and Darold.

"Well, what did I tell you?" Darold said, turning toward Steve and Bobby.

"Didn't I say this trucker was one hell of a stud? Just check out his body, firm ass, and big cock."

"Nice," Bobby said in agreement. "Very nice."

Steve had to agree. He secretly knew, however, that his own hard-on was partially the result of his fantasies revolving around Antony. His excitement was only increased by the fact that this trucker could be Antony, if Steve stretched his fantasy far enough. Antony Wells was a trucker. Antony was off somewhere on the road. Antony was turned on by bondage and discipline. In the dim lighting from the battery-powered lanterns, this trucker even had a physique very much like Antony's. There was that same tai inches of deliciously erect cock. Yes, it was certainly easy for Steve to play let's pretend. The truth being, Steve missed Antony and wished this stud were him.

"Our trucker here is mighty turned on by the little surprise I've planned for him," Darold said. He slapped Antony on the ass.

Antony grunted in response to the sting of his hand whacking his asscheeks. There as no denying the was a complement to his pleasure.

There was no denying, either, that he was turned on by the little surprise Darold had planned for him, even if he was a little uneasy at the same time.

His fear, however, wasn't as intense as it might well have been if he hadn't been pretty well assured that Darold was a square guy.

From the very beginning of their relationship, Antony had intuitively sensed that Darold had his head screwed on right and wasn't about to freak out in any kind of a bondage and discipline situation. Their previous session in the truck trailer, Antony strung up very much as he was now, had only reaffirmed Antony's good impression. It, therefore, seemed pretty likely that if Darold had brought in friends, then those friends were as much to be trusted as Darold was. Or, if they weren't, Darold could certainly be counted upon to keep them in check.

"Well, Steve, what do you think?" Darold asked. "Tell me how I've strung up a winner for the three of us."

Antony's ears immediately perked up when Darold called one of the newcomers Steve. The very name of Steve was enough to call back to Antony a whole slew of good memories. Antony had certainly had some good times with Steve Mellon. Too bad those good times couldn't have gone on forever, but they couldn't. Steve had gone his way, graduated from the academy by now, and was probably a highway patrolman back in New Mexico.

Antony would have to look his friend up after he got back home. Although, he knew things could never again be as they had once been between them.

Why? Hell, he didn't know just why, except that he had made the move that had sent he and Steve in different directions.

"He certainly does look like a winner," Steve said. He was close enough so that he could touch Antony's naked body. He reached out his hand, running his finger gently over smooth muscle and skin. His hand finally came to rest on the red handprint made when Darold struck Antony's asscheeks.

Antony wanted Steve to say more, because the voice sounded so Goddamned familiar. Maybe his ears were simply playing tricks on him, but this Steve did sound a hell of a lot like Steve Mellon. Was that so farfetched? Shit, Darold was a highway patrolman. Steve was probably one

now, too. What were the possibilities of the two ever getting together to take on Antony? Naw, it couldn't happen! Maybe if this were New Mexico, but it was Washington.

"How about you, Bobby?" Darold asked. "Was your big brother lying to you when he told you he'd lined up a studly trucker for this evening?"

Bobby? Bobby Westfield, for Christ's sake? Surely not Bobby from the academy! Yet, Antony had already noted the similarity between Darold and Bobby, hadn't he? That very first time seeing Darold stripped. Antony had wondered if Bobby could have had a brother in Washington. He had rejected the idea at the time. But now? He told himself not to let his imagination run away with him. What were the odds of Bobby, Steve, and Antony all getting together again, here in this rest area between Seattle and Portland? Too great, surely. Yet, pretending it could happen certainly added even more to Antony's present state of excitement. His cock slapped back against his belly, beading pre-cum within the brown hair haloing his navel.

"I like his cock," Bobby said, reaching out to fist Antony's cock. He had no suspicion at all that he had lit this particular cock fucked up his asshole. Probably because his sex with Antony had occurred just once, that afternoon Antony was clearing out his locker. That, of course, and the fact that he couldn't have any more expected to run into Antony Wells here than Antony could have suspected to run into him. Had Bobby harbored even the mere suspicion of such a reunion as this, he might have realized that he had semi and admiral this very sac body many times in the shower room at the academy.

Steve, who certainly knew by heart each and every contour of Antony's body, was prevented from recognition of it now primarily because he couldn't really believe his friend and one-time lover could be the stud strung up in the trailer of this truck.

"Bobby Westfield?" Antony asked, his question coming out garbled through his gag. "For Christ's sake, Steve, is that you?"

"Sounds as if our trucker stud is getting anxious," Darold said. "What do you say we move things along for him, shall we?"

"No sooner said than done," Bobby said, beginning to strip off his clothes.

Steve and Darold followed suit, revealing large cocks gone hard in anticipation of the fun and games about to begin.

"You want to take charge in directing this orgy, brother?" Bobby asked, down to his bare skin. He was standing next to Antony's hanging body, teasing his right hand up and down the inside of Antony's left thigh. His fingertips glided upward into Antony's asscrack, locating the winked pucker and petting it.

"It's your show, after all, and it would certainly help if we had a bit of organization. I'd hate to see us all bumping into each other in our eagerness to fuck the same hole. You will admit that the space we have available is just a bit cramped."

"Okay," Darold said, having already formulated his game plan. "This is the way we'll do it. Since I've already sampled the merchandise, so to speak, I'm going to give you guys first go."

"I do like a generous brother," Bobby said and gave Darold a wide grin.

"Don't think I'm planning to come out of this without getting my rocks off," Darold said. "I merely figured to fuck your ass while your cock is busy up our trucker's tight asshole."

"Ah!" Bobby said, as if that explained everything. "And Steve?"

"If he came at our friend from the front, while you came at him from the rear, I think maybe the asshole might be stretched for two cocks, don't you?"

Antony felt a shudder as a result of hearing what Darold was proposing for him. "Jesus!" he said, his exclamation a mere mumble.

"Sounds as if he's as anxious as we are, doesn't it?" Darold said, delivering another slap to Antony's ass. "I say we don't keep him waiting any longer."

Antony was hanging so that he faced the cargo space of the trailer. Bobby moved into position. There was mile space between the back of the hanging man and the front of the trailer. Bobby's ass brushed cool metal siding as he pushed Antony forward slightly in order to get properly aligned behind him. He stepped in closer and took hold of Antony's hips. He thrust his cock forward, his upjutting hard-on fitting between Antony's asscheeks. The top of his cock drooled pre-cum on the base of Antony's backbone.

Antony knew what was happening, beset by conflicting emotions. While he had never been fucked simultaneously by two cocks, he had been fist-fucked a couple of times. If his asshole could take a clenched fist and part of an arm without splitting, surely he could take on two cocks, providing those cocks weren't as big as the cocks owned by the Bobby and Steve he knew. He certainly didn't believe, even yet, that the cocks threatening to screw his asshole belonged to his former classmates from the academy.

Antony swung even further outward on his chains as Darold moved into position behind his brother. Darold's back and ass were flat against the metal siding of the trailer. His chest was mated to his brother's back.

His hard cock fit lengthways in Bobby's ass the same way Bobby's cock lay along Antony's asscrack.

Steve came at the hanging man from the front, having plenty of room to manipulate. He was still enjoying the fantasy that this was the Antony he knew, not yet realizing that it really was. He proceeded cautiously, thinking that maybe the stud chained to the ceiling might be a little less anxious for all of this than Darold was insinuating. He had no desire to have one of the chained guy's feet come up and squash a couple of his very vulnerable nuts.

"Just lift up the stud's legs," Bobby said in encouragement, "and ram your thick cock up his ass, Steve." He ran his arms around Antony's body, flattening his hands over Antony's nipples. He tented his fingers, fingertips tweaking taut nipple centers.

"Uggghhhhh!" Antony said, his voice a low groan in response to the assault on his nipples. He had no intention at all of kicking out at this stud called

Steve who was coming at him to fuck him. In fact, he wanted to be fucked, wanted to pretend that this was Steve Mellon.

Steve squatted. He spit in his palms and slicked down his cock, then reached out and lifted Antony's legs, slipping both over his shoulders.

Steve was growing more and more confident as Antony showed no resistance to what was happening. As Steve stood, he let the backs of Antony's legs slide down his chest. Antony's ass lowered closer and closer to Steve's cock. Steve slipped his hands so that one was cupping each of Antony's asscheeks. He pulled the ass open along its crack, revealing the pucker that was ready to be fucked.

"Fuck his ass," Bobby said. The sooner Steve fucked Antony, the sooner Bobby's cock could be rammed up that asshole with Steve's cock. That meant, the sooner his brother's cock would be fucked up Bobby's asshole.

"Fuck it hard. Fuck it fast. Come on, Steve, ram him!"

Antony waited, wanting Steve to ram him hard and deep. Jesus, did he want it! And, when that hard cock was slamming up his asshole, he would fantasize it being Steve Mellon's cock slipping up his ass just like it had in high school, just like it had at the Police Academy.

Antony had had a lot of sex in his time... a hell of a lot of sex. He still found his sex with Steve Mellon had been the best. He had more than once, over the past weeks, wondered if he had done the right thing. Hell, if he hadn't left the academy, it might really have been Steve Mellon's cock now preparing to run up his asshole, not the cock of some stranger called Steve brought in by Darold.

Still, the time had come...

"Aaaggghhh!" Antony said, his body thrilling at the mere touch of Steve's cock to his pucker. It wouldn't be long now. He could tell just by the feel of that cock that it was a hard one, probably a big one, too. Steve Mellon's cock was big, and Jesus could it get hard!

"Stick him!" Bobby said. "Stick him!"

Antony was glad he was blindfolded. Not being able to see, he could better enforce his fantasy. As far as Antony was concerned, the hood keeping him in the dark, this was Steve Mellon, this was Bobby Westfield, this Darold was Bobby's brother.

Feeling the pucker give beneath the pressure exerted by his cock positioned against it, Steve knew he was ready to begin. He let Antony's butt drop further. He simultaneously bucked his cock up and in.

"Sweet... delicious... Jesus!" Antony said, his gag once again muffling his words. His ass dropped even deeper over Steve's upthrusting cock.

"Jesus, Jesus, Jesus!"

Steve felt the delicious shitter sliding down around his cock, all of the way to the very bottom. He luxuriated in the feel of the asshole spasming around the total length of his submerged cock. Jesus, but it did feel good!

Bobby, seeing that Steve's cock was firmly entrenched inside the trucker's tight butt, wasn't about to waste any time getting his own cock shoved up there with it. The idea of having his cock fucking tight trucker asshole, while simultaneously masturbating against Steve's hard cock, was really a turn on.

"I'm fucking trucker ass," Bobby said, pulling his cock out to its head and shoving it home again. "I'm masturbating my thick cock against man cock, up man asshole."

"Yesssssss!" Darold said, his voice a low hiss as his cock was squeezed closer and closer to climax by his brother's asshole.

Steve rose to higher and higher, plateaus of pleasure as his cock masturbated against Bobby's stiff cock and fucked the trucker butt. He continued on with his fantasy that this trucker was Antony Wells.

Suddenly, however, as his pleasure spiraled to even greater degrees of intensity, he decided that he couldn't go through the rest of his life fantasizing Antony whenever he fucked another man's ass. It was better to simply face the reality that what he and Antony had once had was now gone for good. What he was experiencing here and now shouldn't have been any the less pleasurable because this asshole didn't belong to Antony Wells.

Hell, this asshole was tight in its own right. The pleasure derived from screwing it was certainly pleasurable enough without pretending it was something it wasn't. He was sorry he and Antony had apparently gone separate ways, but there was no calling back what once was. He simply had to go on and make the best of whatever came his way.

He decided the best way to expel the illusion of Antony was to see the face of the trucker he was fucking. Since Bobby's hands were now holding Antony's ass, keeping it elevated as he fucked, Steve was free to move his fingers to the thongs fastening the hood around the trucker's neck.

He began undoing the knots.

By that time, both Bobby and Darold were so far gone in the course of their own fucking pleasure, they really didn't know or care that Steve was about to unhood Antony. What did it matter any way? They would have removed the hood in any case. There was no reason why they lied to keep their identities secret from a man who was so obviously enjoying the double attack on his asshole.

Antony felt the hood coming free and resented the fact that it was. He, unlike Steve preferred his fantasizing. His fantasy being that he was getting fucked by Steve, not knowing that was, in fact, the reality. So anxious was he to maintain his supposed illusion, he kept his eyes shut as the hood slipped free of his head and dropped to the floor.

"My God, my God. Antony!" Steve said in exclamation, hardly believing what he saw, thinking his fantasy must somehow be distorting the reality.

He thrust his cock in to his balls, jamming it up Antony's asshole, and left it stuck there. Bobby's cock, though, continued to pump.

Antony's eyes popped open. He, like Steve, couldn't believe what he saw.

My God, it was Steve, his Steve. And, who was fucking with Steve? Bobby?

Bobby Westfield? It all seemed too fantastic to be believed.

"I'm cooommmiiing!" Bobby said loudly, not even aware that he was fucking the stud who had fucked his asshole back at the Police Academy. "Jesus...

oh, Jesus... God... I'm cooommmiiing!"

His cock began to pump cream. He shoved inward through his exploding slime, locking his cock inside of the asshole while his balls continued to release more and more wads of cum.

During Bobby's orgasm, his asshole clamped tightly around Darold's cock and began a series of rhythmic contractions. Those sensual, masturbating vibrations were all that Darold needed.

"Take brother cum!" he said, socking his cock into place up Bobby's tight asshole. "Take it... take it... Jesus... take it!"

Bobby's asshole was flooded with cum while his cum was still flooding Antony's asshole.

Antony's eyes opened wide. So did his mouth. His asshole seemed so ballooned with cum that it was threatening to explode. Accompanying that sensation of complete filling, however, was an ecstasy he could hardly believe. He had obviously been right about one thing. Sex with Steve wasn't like it had once been. Hell, it was even better! Hadn't he always known it would be? Shit, he must have been a fool not to have guessed.

Just because he was now a trucker, just because Steve was now a policeman, that didn't mean they still couldn't get together for good times just like this one. It wasn't their friendship or their capacity to enjoy each other in sex which had ever ended for them, anyway. It had merely been an

ending of Antony pretending that he wanted the same things out of his life, like being a policeman, that Steve wanted.

"My God, you fucking bastard... sexy, sexy, fucking bastard!" Antony mumbled into his gag.

His whole body was racked with the sudden releasing of all those tensions which had been building up inside of him. "Aaaggghhh! I'm cooommmiiing!

Jesus Christ, I'm cooommmiiing!"

His hot cum shot from his trembling cock and splattered Steve's muscled chest and belly. His asshole jerked tightly around the two cocks so firmly locked inside of it, strangling Steve's cock against Bobby's cock, both cocks bathing in Bobby's blasting cum.

"Antony, you Goddamned trucker stud!" Steve said, his own moment having arrived. "You Goddamned... fucking... trucker stud!"

He shot his wad, sending hot slug after slug deep into Antony's spasming asshole. It was the best sex he had ever had with Antony, and it only heralded a whole new wealth of possibilities for the two of them in the future. If what they had once had was now gone, there remained a whole new and exciting sexual terrain for the two friends.

THE END